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NASBY IN EXILE.

The Confederate X Roads Sage in Europe.

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NO. XII.

A VERY SCATTERING VIEW OF PARIS.

PARIS, July 20, 1881.

When an enlightened public sentiment drove the pirates from the high seas, and compelled them to seek other methods of supplying themselves with means for the enjoyment of luxury, I am convinced that every one of them came to Europe, and went into the hotel business. A few of them might have got hotels in America, but the vast majority came here. I did come across one at the George De Triste, in Switzerland, who might not have been a pirate, or if he was he was either a mild one, or, being now very old, is endeavoring to patch up his all body for Heaven. I am inclined to the belief that he was a pirate, but not of the sentimental order, who shed human gore for the love of it, but that when his schooner the "Mary Jane" captured a prize he only killed such of her crew as were necessary in the action, and after the vessel had surrendered he did not make the survivors walk the plank for the amusement of his men, but mercifully set them adrift in an open boat, without water or provisions. That's the kind of a pirate he was. And since he has been a landlord, he does not take every dollar you have,—he leaves you enough to get to the next bank, where your letter of credit is available. I shall always remember this landlord. He is an ornament to his sex.

A PARISIAN PIRATE.

But the first hotel we encountered in Paris had for a landlord one who must have commanded the long, low, black schooner, "The Terror of the Seas," who never spared a prisoner or gave quarter to anybody, but who hove overboard for the sharks every human being he captured, without reference to age, sex or previous condition of servitude. Indeed, I think that after he was driven from the seas he took a shy at highway robbery before taking his hotel in Paris, thus fitting himself thoroughly for his profession.

"Ze room will be ten francs, messieurs" was the remark of the polite villain who showed us our apartments.

"We, we," we cheerfully replied, for the room was worth it. We said "we, we" that the gentleman might know that we understood French, and that he need not unnecessarily strand himself upon the rocks of the English language.

But the next morning! The bill was made out, and as we glanced at it we forgave the English landlords—every one of them. A apartment ten francs, candles, or "bougies," as the barbarous French call them, two and one-half francs, attendance, (we had not seen a servant,) two and a half francs each, five francs. Then there were charges for liquors enough for Bloss, the American showman, not a particle of which had been ordered or had been brought to our room, and so on.

THE ETERNAL LIE.

We expostulated, but when we commenced that, the clerk began to talk in French, and as all the French we had between us was "we, we," he had rather the advantage. In reply to some question he appeared to be asking, we said "we, we," whereupon he dropped back into English promptly, and said that inasmuch as we admitted that the bill was right, why didn't we pay it? That "we, we" was our ruin.

"A little knowledge is a dangerous thing; Drink deep or taste not the Pierian spring."

Were we over-with it? By no means. As we were ready to file down the stairs there came to our various rooms more porters than we ever supposed lived, each of whom seized a piece of baggage, when one might well have carried it all. We discovered, finally, what that meant. Those who did not carry baggage stood grinning in the passages with their hands extended, and those who did expected such a franc. As we had passed the concierge, who had certainly been no earthly use to us, his hand was extended, and to crown the whole and have it lack nothing, a chambermaid came running to me with a handkerchief which "Monsieur had left in his room," and out went her hand. The brazen hussy had abstracted it from my valise, and held it till the last moment, that she might have some excuse for a gratuity.

Tibbits and the others shed silver freely, but the professor did not. Entrenched behind his spectacles he did not catch the eye of one of them, and he stalked majestically through the lot, turning neither to the right nor the left till he was safely ensconced in his fiacre. That pair of spectacles saved him at least their cost that day. I shall wear them hereafter. They are good for this purpose, and then one behind this wall of glass can look another man in the eye steadily when he is enlarging on facts. Spectacles have uses beside aiding the vision.

We paid everything and everybody and departed sadly. No matter how joyously you enter a French hotel, you walk out to the music, mentally, of the Dead March in Saul. But what are you going to do about it? You cannot sleep in the streets, and you must eat, and the pirates have you in an iron grip, and they realize the strength and impregnability of their position.

THE CITY OF LUXURY.

Paris is another octopus, differing from London only in the quality and style of its feelers. London has been built up by main strength, that being its characteristic. Paris has as many feelers as London, and they are perhaps as strong, and as far-reaching, but they are wrapped in velvet. It is a rather pleasant thing to be devoured by the French octopus. He does not rend you limb from limb, like the English one, but he holds you just as firmly, and sucks your life blood in so delightful a way, that you rather like the operation.

Paris is the City of luxury. No matter where you go, nor among what class of people, you see but two things—a vast population catering to sensualism, and another vast population paying the price for it.

The difference between London and Paris is shown even in its proprietary medicines. In London the walls groan, or would if they could, under announcements of liver medicines, in Paris the walls of corresponding conspicuousness, are covered with advertisements of articles for the hair and complexion. A French woman will get on with almost any kind of a liver, but she must have hair to her heels, and a complexion that is faultless. No matter what kind of underclothing she has on, or no matter if she hasn't any, the outside must be dressed in elegance and taste. Paris lives largely for the eyes.

The City is made up of two distinct parts—the old and new. Old Paris, the Paris of Sue, and Dumas, and Victor Hugo, [still exists, and its people are precisely the same as when these authors wrote of them. You leave the most splendid streets in the world, wide and paved like floors, with enormous rows of palatial structures on either hand, as modern as modern can be and in 15 minutes you are in narrow, crooked alleys, with the quaint old houses on either hand six and seven stories in hight, with all sorts of gables, all sorts of deformities in the matter of walls, with the quaintest and most curious passages, and paved with the boulders which the Parisian of 20 or 30 years since found so useful in constructing barricades when they had their regular monthly revolution. And you see the same men and women who fought behind these barricades, and who will do it again—the wine shop politicians who believe in "liberty, fraternity and equality," to day, and accept an empire to-morrow, for a change. A Parisian cannot endure monotony, even in a government.

Possibly they accept imperialism now and then just for the pleasure of overturning it.

THE FRENCH TWEED.

But the new Paris is quite another thing. All Paris was, not many years ago, like the portions of the Latin Quarter and the Faubourg St. Antoine, but the Third Napoleon intended to be Emperor all his life, and these crooked streets were not good for Imperial artillery, and the pavements were easily torn up for barricades. So he called to himself Baron Haussman, the Prefect of the Seine, and said "We will reconstruct Paris." The Baron, thoroughly devoted to the Emperor and himself, called about him the best talent in the world, and the work was begun.

But be it understood that the Baron and the Emperor did not go about this work carelessly. The Baron, whose ancestors were Israelites, had all the thrift of that remarkable race, and Napoleon was not much behind him. Whenever they decided upon tearing down the whole quarter and a score of crooked streets, and constructing a boulevard wider than the widest street in New York, they had an agent who, before the design was made public, went and purchased the entire property at the market rate. Then came the necessary legal steps for the condemnation of the property, and the payment therefor by the City. The new owner was allowed 20 or 30 times for it above what he paid, and vast sums were by this simple process turned into the Emperor's private exchequer and added to the already vast estate of the astute Baron.

The Emperor used his share of the plunder in amusing the Parisians, but the Baron's share is still in his family.

There are Tweeds in every country, but these were greater than our great peculator. The Emperor Napoleon and Baron Haussman were just as much greater than Tweed as France is greater than the single City of New York. But then their opportunities were greater. Had Tweed had a chance he might have risen to the front rank.

It is perhaps as well for Paris that it had an Emperor, and possibly it would have been better for the United States had she had a King in her earlier days. For a Republic will never do toward the beautifying a City or country what an Emperor will. I helped to elect a member of Congress once, who, finding that a single door in the Capitol at Washington cost $20,000, exclaimed against the extravagance of the country. "Why," said he, "a good two inch pine plank door, painted white, with three coats of paint can be had in Upper Sandusky for $8, and it would do just as well as this infernal bronze thing covered all over with figures."

Had Paris been governed by Congress the honorable gentlemen from Normandy, and Savoy, and other out-lying districts would never have paid for the wonderfully beautiful Boulevards that make Paris the most beautiful city in the world. The old alleys were good enough for their fathers, and why not for the present generation?

But the will of a single man did it, and the memory of that man is still worshiped in Paris. Dead though he be, he wields power in Paris to-day, and had not his son been so reckless in Africa, the chances are a hundred to one that he would to day be occupying his father's throne.

New Paris is made up of beautiful wide boulevards, some of them 200 feet wide, with sidewalks at least 30 feet wide on either side, and lined with shops and cafés, the shops devoted entirely to the sale of articles of luxury.

THE CAFÉS

The cafés are very peculiar. Paris lives as much as possible out of doors, for Paris desires to see and be seen. Therefore, in front of every café, under tasteful awnings, are chairs and little white sheet iron tables; there sits Paris drinking its drinks and eating its light repasts, from early morning till very late at night.

To an American it is a most peculiar sight. No matter where you go, in old Paris or new, it is the same, except in the grade of the people. In old Paris you see blue blouses and calico dresses at these tables, and in new Paris broadcloth and sad silk, but the tables are there on the sidewalk, and the people sitting by them the same in one as in the other, and very jolly they are.

Paris is the most temperate City on the globe. There is as great a quantity of liquids consumed as in London, and perhaps more, but it is a different kind. The Frenchman drinks the light wines of the country, or curious compounds of stuff that are as innocent as milk, so far as infoxication goes. He has syrups something like those the American druggist uses in his alleged soda water, and he either mixes that with pure water and makes his heart glad, or if he is particular about it he mixes it with Seltser water from the gushing syphon. There are vast varieties of these syrups, but they are all alike, except in the matter of flavor.

Occasionally one rushes to the extreme of dissipation and stupefies himself with German lager beer, but as a rule it is either wine or these syrups.

Of course there are French drunkards. The brain annihilating absinthe obtains here, and a seductive fluid it is. It is the most innocent tasting stuff in the world, and does not affect one immediately. And so the innocent stranger, on his first introduction to it, takes dose after dose of it, and goes home wondering why people are so mortally in dread of absinthe. In the still watches of the night he becomes convinced that he has been taking something, and the next morning he, or his friends, are entirely sure of it. For in the morning he is drunk, drunk clear through, and he generally manages to stay so for some days. Tibbitts, whose experience I am relating, said it was much cheaper than Oshkosh whisky, for one night's sitting at absinthe lasted him a week. There is a vast quantity of absinthe consumed in Paris, but it is done quietly and in great moderation. An American or foreigner who likes it drinks it immoderately and pays the penalty of his folly. The Frenchman knows exactly how much is safe for him, and very rarely exceeds his limit.

I have seen but one drunken man in Paris, and he was either an Englishman or an American who had been long enough in London to get spoiled. He spoke English, and from the style of his clothes I should take him for an Englishman, but there was an especial wobble in his step that proclaimed the American. I have seen the same a great many times in my beloved country.

Drunkenness is impossible on these kinds of liquids. The wine of the country is consumed everywhere and in large quantities, and its use by all ages and sexes is unrestricted.

LE VIN ORDINAIRE.

It is on every table for breakfast and dinner, and is everywhere the substitute for tea and coffee. Containing as it does a very small proportion of alcohol, and as that is diluted fully a half with water, it cannot be a very dangerous beverage. At all events, the French, men, women and children, drink it in great quantities at all hours, and intoxication does not ensue.

In consequence this out door sitting is made possible by the harmlessness of their drinks. The climate of New York is adapted to this sort of thing, but were Broadway lined with these cafés, with the public sitting at the small tables, how long would it be before a gang of ruffians filled with the frightful whisky of the country would swoop down upon them and scatter tables and people. A gang from the Bowery, filled with the fighting whisky of America, or the soul searing brandy of the British land turned loose upon the Boulevard des Italiens, or any other boulevard in Paris, would occasion as much terror as a Communist insurrection. But with the light wines of France, and the quiet pleasure-seeking and pleasure enjoying disposition of the Parisian, everything is as quiet and orderly as could be desired.

There cannot be in City life any sight so bewilderingly gorgeous or so delightful as the Boulevards either by day or night. The streets are lined with beautiful trees, and then the shops and cafés are exquisitely beautiful, as are their contents. As I said the shops are almost entirely devoted to the sale of articles of luxury, for the Frenchman, acute being that he is, discovered thousands of years ago, that a profit of 500 per cent. may be made upon articles of fancy, while the dealer in things essential, which may not be dispensed with, articles of prime necessity, obtains a beggarly 10 or 20. He learned centuries since that Madame will pay any price for a hat that pleases her taste, and do it without question, while she will haggle an hour over the price of 20 pounds of sugar or a cut of beef. He who deals in necessities must find his reward in the consciousness of honesty. His customers will not let him be anything else.

"ARTICLES OF BIGOTRY AND VIRTUE."

You shall see shop windows filled with jewels that might well hang about the neck of royalty—indeed, so costly that only he or she who has an empire to tax can afford them—shops devoted to the sale of pipes, the price of which, some of them, go up into thousands of francs; galleries of pictures, magazines of bronzes and all kinds and descriptions of statuary, and the thousands upon thousands of costly nothings with which rich people adorn their homes. Artistic paper hangings, ornamental work in leathers, and every other material, shops for the sale of everything that is ornamental in women's wear and, in a word, everything that delights the eye, but which humanity, but for its longing for the beautiful, could do without as well as not.

And an enormous trade these caterers to the non-useful carry on. The whole world comes to Paris for these things, and they bring their money with them for this purpose and expect to spend it.

We to the American, man or woman, who ventures into these shops. The shop man knows the moment he enters that the coming victim who is rushing upon his doom is an American; he knows that he has so much money to leave with him, and no matter how much knowledge he affects, that he is as ignorant of the real value of his wares as a babe unborn.

What should the citizen of Kokomo, Ind., know of the value of bronzes? Nothing, whatever. But he has just made a good speculation in pork, and he has built him a two-story house with a mansard roof on it, and has furnished it gorgeously with upholstered chairs, and on his floors he has laid brussels carpets, and his wife and he are taking their first visit "abroad." Mrs. Thompson is determined to astonish her female friends and excite their envy with some "statoos" from "Paree," and she is going to do it. The pair look critically through the assortment. They object to the Venus of Milo because the arms are lacking, and are surprised that an imperfect sort of second hand work of art of that kind can't be had at a reduced price. The price of a picture takes their breath away, and Mr. Thompson suggests that a few pairs of chromos can be had a great deal cheaper, and he thinks they will make a better show than the paintings that are shown them. Perhaps he is right, when the paintings that are shown him are critically considered. But Mrs. T. will have none of the chromo business. She will have some works of art from "Paree," and Mr. T., fired with ambition, assents, and the "works of art" are bought and paid for at anywhere from four to ten times their value, and they retire with them grieved and yet satisfied—grieved at the hole the purchase has made in their pocket book, and satisfied to think what a sensation the purchase will make when they are displayed in their home in the West.

Thompson anticipates the pleasure of calling the attention of his guests to these wonders, and remarking casually, as though he were a regular patron of art, "Oh them! They are a few little things I bought in Paree, the last time I was over. They are nothing. I only paid 4,000 francs for the pair. I shall buy more when I go over again. I really hadn't time to look around."

And then Mrs. T. must have a Parisian watch, and some jewelry, and the dealer sells them to her at a very large advance over what a Parisian would pay, and when they are gone, loaded with their absurd purchases, he falls upon his knees and prays for good crops in America and a more plentiful rush of visitors. They are his wheat fields.

HOLIDAYS IN LONDON AND PARIS.

The difference between the English and French is admirably illustrated by two events of a somewhat similar nature. It was our fortune to be in London on the occasion of the celebration of the Queen's birthday, a time that is always made a general holiday by all classes. Business was suspended, and every one gave himself up to pleasure—the kind of amusement that the Londoner considers pleasure. The bands were out, the military paraded and all the parks were filled with people in holiday attire.

As the afternoon wore on it became apparent that there was some agency at work aside from devotion to Royalty. There was a boisterousness that savored of strong beer and still stronger gin. The crowd of men and women who thronged the Strand and Regent street, and Picadilly, laughed and shouted, not with the merry ring of pure pleasure, but with the maudlin utterances of semi-drunkenness.

In the evening there was a grand illumination of the Government buildings, the clubs and the prominent business houses. The streets were thronged with people, men, women and children, all elbowing their way along, eager to see all that was to be seen, and willing to give no one an opportunity they themselves could not enjoy. It was a motley crowd, composed of all classes. The well-dressed shopman was jostled by a rag picker, and ragged, homeless girls, arm in arm, shoved aside the elderly matron, who had come out with her children to see the illuminations. There were all classes and conditions of people, and they raved and tore about more like escaped lunatics than the staid, sober Britons they pride themselves upon being.

A walk down Pall Mall was almost worth one's life. On this thoroughfare are located the principal clubs of London, and as they are rather brilliantly lighted with gas jets arranged in fanciful designs, the crowd flocked there to see them. The street was actually packed from curb to curb, so that locomotion was difficult. The illuminations were not on a scale grand enough to merit all this outpouring of people, this great hubbub, this drunkenness and gin-incited hilarity. For the most part the designs were simply the English coat of arms, with the letters "V. R." on each side, the whole being done in plain gas jets. Occasionally some thriving shopkeeper, who had made a little something from the Royal family, would branch out a little more extensively, and use tiny glass shades of different colors, over his gas. But it was dreary beyond measure. The streets were dark and gloomy, the air was close, and the so-called illuminations were so very, very meager that they made the general effect only more dismal.

DRUNKENNESS EVERYWHERE.

Yet the people surged up and down the streets, hurrahing and shouting for the Queen, for the Prince of Wales, for the Royal family, for themselves, for anybody they could think of. The public houses were open long after other places of business were closed, and there was a constant stream of thirsty people gliding from behind the half-closed doors out upon the street to yell until another dram became necessary. The customers were not limited to the sterner sex by any manner of means. There were crowds of young girls ranging from 14 to 20, poor working girls, who had saved all of their scant earnings they could in anticipation of this holiday, who boldly pushed their way with a coarse laugh, through the crowd of men and, standing at the bar, would call for and drink their bitter beer, or ale, or stout, or gin, even, with all the effrontery of an old toper. And old women there were too, who would quietly glide into the compartments marked "private bar," and there drink their brandy or Irish whisky. Throughout it all there seemed to be a dogged determination to become intoxicated, just as though there could be no pleasure, the Queen's birthday could not be celebrated properly unless every one filled himself up with ardent spirits.

As it grew later, the crowds increased both in size and disorder. Notwithstanding the fact that most of the illuminations had been extinguished, the masses had had a taste, and they wanted more. They became momentarily ruder and more boisterous. As the time approached for the closing of the publics the crowd received fresh instalments of the worse class of women, and then drunken women tried to do worse than the drunken men, and they succeeded. A woman thoroughly under the influence of liquor is something simply terrible to see, and here we saw it. On that night the air rang with their ribald jokes and coarse songs, as they jostled each other in their unsteady walk.

This, it must be remembered, is not a scene that occurred down in Cheapside or in the Seven Dials, or the streets down near the river. No indeed. Pall Mall, one of the most aristocratic streets in London, Regent street, the Broadway of London, Picadilly, the Haymarket, these were the scenes of their frightful display, and evidently nothing was thought of it. The police made no arrests, and did not even know that there was anything occurring that was not perfectly allowable and justifiable. So the wild debauch went on all night, and it was not until the gray light made its appearance in the east that the City quieted down and the streets no longer echoed with the maudlin cries of the host of people who celebrated in their own peculiar style the anniversary of their Queen's birthday.

THE FETE OF THE BASTILLE.

How entirely different was the grand National fete of France on the 14th of July. This too is made a day for general rejoicing and merry-making, and the French people get out of it all that is to be had. For days before active preparations for the event are made, flags and streamers of the colored bunting are put up all over the City, elaborate designs in gas jets are prepared; fountains erected; electric lights put up; in a word everything is done that can in the slightest way add to the brilliancy of the beautiful City, whose white buildings make it bright and cheerful at all times.

On the night of the 13th, it was apparent that something was about to occur, for the streets, the broad, brilliantly lighted boulevards, were crowded with people, all of them full of life and animation. The great stores with their glass fronts were literally ablaze with lights; the gaily decorated cafés with their inviting tables on the broad sidewalks were filled with people sipping wine, or coffee, and discussing with all the animation and vivacity that a Frenchman only possesses, the attractions of the morrow. All along the principal boulevards electric lights were suspended high in the air, while in the Place de Concorde, and out the Champs Elysees were thousands of brilliant clusters of gas jets, making the night seem day. The crowds swayed hither and thither with one impulse, to see everything, yet there was no departure from decorum. Everybody was happy. But it was the happiness that comes of a sense of pleasure, from bright and beautiful surroundings, and the knowledge that every one else is happy. There is no sign of drunkenness. There was no rowdyism. There was nothing suggestive even of offensiveness. Everybody was gay and merry. There were songs and hearty peals of laughter, but it was pure and wholesome, something that one could participate in with all his heart.

The morning of the 14th dawned with a bright, clear sky, and the sun came up with a serenity that augured well for the fete. During the night, while all Paris slept, busy workmen put the finishing touches on the decorations, and when all business suspended, Paris turned out to see itself, there was a general murmur of approval at the beautiful sights displayed everywhere. The houses along the streets were almost hidden by flags and banners and streamers; the statues were decorated; high staffs that were not visible the day before now floated long streamers; the parks and gardens were in holiday attire. Paris was arrayed in gorgeous dress, and every one went in for a day of rare pleasure.

At all the theaters, including the Grand Opera, free performances were given during the afternoon, and there were all sorts of enterlainments provided by the Government for the amusement of the populace. In various quarters of the City platforms were erected, and all during that warm afternoon the working classes danced to the music of superb orchestras which were furnished to them without money and without cost.

But when evening came the fete was seen to its best advantage. As it grew dark the whole City blazed with light. There were millions of lanterns of every possible color, hanging from every point that could hold a support. Electric lights flashed from every corner, and gas jets blazed everywhere. The Boulevard des Italiens, from the Madelaine to the Bastile, was as light as though a noonday sun were pouring down upon it. And so with the other large thoroughfares, while the different *quartiers* had illuminations of their own, each of which was wonderfully brilliant.

The one particular place that eclipsed all others was the two mile stretch from the Tuileries to the Arch of Triumph, and then on to the Bois de Boulogne. The straight promenade through the Tuileries garden was lined on either side with a high trestle work, literally covered with fanciful designs wrought in gas, while high arches of brilliant flame intersected it at regular intervals.

The Place de Concorde was a marvel of beauty. All around the immense square were hung festoons of gas jets, while all the statues of the different Cities of France that ornament each corner, were thrown into bold relief by brilliant lights on the limpid water of the fountain in the center; different colored lights were thrown during the evening, the effect being wondrously beautiful.

Standing in the center of the Place, and looking towards the arch the sight was simply marvelous. Nowhere in the world but in Paris could such a thing be seen. The broad avenue, Champs Elysees, rising with a gentle slope, was lined its whole distance on both sides with a stream of light, that drooped gracefully from cluster to cluster, all the way out, as far as the eye could reach. Then the concert cafés which abound on either side, made unusual displays, swinging lines of light from tree to tree and café to café, till the effect was dazzling and one really had to stop to realized that he was here on earth and not in some fairy land.

The Bois de Boulogne, always beautiful, with its charming lakes, long winding drives, its parks, tiny brooks and picturesque café, was unusually brilliant that night. On the shores of the lake large set pieces of fire works were displayed, while bands of music in old looking gondolas blazing with colored fires, furnished exquisite music. The paths and carriage-ways were lined with small set pieces which together with the constantly burning colored fires produced an effect that was grandly weird.

All Paris was one blaze of light. And all night long the people of Paris and all France were on the streets enjoying the rare sight. After 9 o'clock carriages were compelled to keep off the principal boulevards and streets, so densely were they packed with people. The Champs Elysees from 10 o'clock was one surging mass of people—men, women and children—returning from the Bois. From curb to curb was one solid mass of humanity, and such a jolly good-natured crowd was never seen before. They sang patriotic songs, and laughed and joked, and had a good time generally. Now and then there would come down the street a small procession of students, wearing grotesque caps, each student bearing a Chinese lantern. They sang funny songs, and chaffed those that passed. But there was not a single display of temper. Everybody took everything in good part, and everyone was superlatively happy.

During all that long day and still longer night, not a single case of drunkenness did I see, and during that time I was in a great many different places, and would have seen it had there been any. There was fun and frolic on every side. But it was the overflow of exuberant spirits, and not the outgrowth of too much wine and beer and liquor. In no City in England, nor, I am afraid, in America, could there be so gigantic a celebration, so much fun and hilarity, with so little drunkenness and so few disturbances. Verily, the French, insincere and superficial as they are, know how to get the most enjoyment out of life. They have all the fun the Anglo-Saxon has, without the subsequent horror.

A SPECIMEN BRICK.

Foreign travel is of a vast amount of use to a great many people. Coming from Dieppe to Paris there were seated in our compartment two ladies with their husbands, who were, in New York, bankers, one regular and the other faro, and both with loads of money. The wife of the faro banker was arrayed in the most gorgeous and fearfully expensive apparel, with a No. 6 foot in a No. 4 shoe. The other lady was a lady, and she really desired to see something of the country she was traveling through. The faro bankeress talked to her from Dieppe to St. Lazarre station, and this was about what she said:

"You never saw anything so perfectly lovely as the children's ball last year at the Academy of Music. My little girl, Lulu, you saw her at the school—she goes to the same school with your Minnie, only Lulu isn't studying anything but French and geography now—I want her to get to be perfect in French, because it will be such a comfort to travel with her, and see things, and not be entirely dependent upon your maid—we have a maid with us, but, of course, we have her travel third class—not for the difference in the expense, for we don't have to economize—but you know you won't do to have your servant's too close to you, they get to presuming upon their privileges, and you must make them know their place. Oh, how I wish we had a monarchy or something of the kind in America, so that we could be divided up into classes, and not be compelled to mix with the lower orders."

(I may as well remark here that this fine lady was originally a McFadden, that she came to America in the steerage, and was a chambermaid in a boarding house where she first met her husband, who is a brisk young bar-tender, who finally got a bar of his own which gradually blossomed into a faro-bank. The maid was a thoroughly educated and refined young lady who was compelled by poverty to take a position of this kind.)

"Well, Monsieur Bigwig, the dancing teacher, you know of him. He was a Russian or a Prussian, or one of them people. Why, he has taught the children of all the Kings in Europe, the little Princesses, but he came to America and has three schools in New York and one in Brooklyn, and he is perfectly splendid. Dodworth isn't nothing beside him for giving dancing lessons. Monsieur was a great friend of Lulu's, and showed her a great deal of attention, and paid her a great many compliments. When a new pupil came in he used to take Lulu and dance with her to show the new one the step. Lulu danced so prettily, and was altogether too sweet for anything. And at the table he had one tableau of four little girls representing Spring, Autumn, Summer and Winter, and he came to my house and gave me the choice of characters for dear Lulu. I remember he came to the house to do it, because he took dinner with us that day, and my husband lent him $50. Well, I selected "Winter" for Lulu, for I could dress her warmer in that character than in any of the others, and the dear child is delicate, she is so spirituelle, and I had for her a costume which was altogether too sweet for anything. She had on a dress—

"Oh heavens! do look at that beautiful valley," exclaimed the unwilling listener.

There was a valley spread out before us, so entirely perfect in its soft loveliness that it was worth a voyage across the Atlantic to see it. The faro-bankeress glanced out of the window, and with the remark, "It's altogether too lovely for anything," went on without a moment's pause:

"I had a dress made of a white material that represented ice, with little balls of white down to represent snow balls all over it and furs, the edges trimmed with down and a little crown upon her head, with points like icicles, and the same things tacked onto the bottom of her outer skirt, and her hair powdered so as to be like snow, and she was the Ice Queen, and had a retinue of ice men, 12 little boys with ice axes, and she was drawn in on a sledge by two boys dressed like reindeers, and in front of the reindeer was two little boys dressed like bears, and it was altogether too sweet for anything. I don't know how the other little girls were dressed, but everybody looked at Lulu and then, after they four had made the circuit of the academy, (it was all floored over) they formed in the center and danced a dance which Monsieur had arranged for them and Lulu danced to sweet for anything. Everybody said to me that she was the sweetest little girl in the ball. Where did you get that lace? I got some in Paris last year, we go abroad every year, we are tired of Saratoga, we have been going there so long that it is an old story, and then you have to meet all sorts of people there and I don't like it. I don't suppose it is just right, but I do wish we could have a monarchy, so that the better classes could be more select. That lace was altogether the sweetest thing I ever saw, and it cost less than half it would in New York, and then—"

"What a delightful Village this is, and how quaint! Do look at it!" this from the actual lady.

There was the same quick sweep of the head by the lady of laces, with the regular remark: "Yes, it's altogether too sweet for anything," and she resumed:

"Now, when we get to Paris I do so want you to go with me. I can show you where you can get laces and everything for half you pay in New York. And hosiery! Well now. I always buy five dozen pairs of silk stockings in Paris. And gloves! You can get kid gloves in Paris for almost nothing, and all you have to do not to pay duties is to put them on once and swear they have been worn. I always spend my last day in Paris putting on and off gloves. And children's clothes! Let me see, you have a little boy, and so have I. Is yours in pants yet, or is he in kilts? Mine is in pants but I hated to take him out of kilts, he was altogether too sweet for anything in them. With a broad white collar, and lace about his wrists, and little black shoes, and red stockings with a Highland cap and feather in it just like a Highland chieftain and—"

At this point the train stopped at a station and our party got into another compartment. I pitied the lady who had to stay, but self preservation is the first law of nature. I should not like to be with her on a steamboat where escape is impossible. Travel does her a power of good. But heavens! how many like her are strewing their gabbe all over the continent?

Debit and Credit.

Louisville Argus.

"Let bygones bygones," said she, after she had managed to quarrel with him on the way home from the circus.

He reflected a while: "And is this the end?"

"It is, sir; all is over between us."

He reflected again: "Last Sunday night you said you loved me."

"I did then; I do not now."

"And you want bygones to be bygones?"

"Yes."

"Who's to pay for all the ice cream, ——"

"Leave me, mercenary wretch! Name your price for your valuable services, and I will see it paid."

More reflection: "Good scheme! I will do it."

He departed. Next morning's postman brought her the following interesting document:

Miss Smith, to Mr. Simpkins, Dr.	
To six sleigh rides, $4 each	$24 00
15 oyster soups at church festivals	7 50
15 suppers " " $1	15 00
15 hacks " " $1.50	22 00
42 tickets to theatre	42 00
Librettos (10) 25c	2 50
Suit of new clothes (per intimation)	50 00
Boots blacked and shaved (say)	20 00
46 broken promises	25
1 broken heart	500 00
66 ice creams	15 00
Raising my hopes, etc	5,000 00
Firing me out after the circus	1 25
Total	$5,699 95
CREDIT.	
Going with another fellow (4)	$8 00
Healing broken heart (3)	45
Hugging me (400)	400 00
Sitting on my lap (20)	1,000 00
Extinguished hopes	75
First kiss	2,000 00
229,000 kisses and hugs	2,290,005 699 20
Balance due	70

Will call to-morrow night, and collect as per last named item.

She met him at the door. "Come into the parlor, Cholly," she said, "and I'll pay you." An hour afterward she was contracting a fresh debt at the ice cream saloon near by.

A Case Where Evidence Didn't Count.

The late Judge Seymour, of Connecticut, was a man of a sweet and kindly nature, and as a lawyer settled amicably an immense number of controversies. Once when prosecuting a criminal case, says the Waterbury *American*, where the defendant was undoubtedly guilty, a point of evidence was ruled against him which was fatal to the case. He proposed to withdraw the charge without a verdict, but the defendant insisted upon a verdict in his favor, and the court charged the jury that the defendant was entitled to an acquittal. They retired, and to the astonishment of a crowded Court room, came back with a disagreement. "What occasions the difficulty?" queried the Judge. "There is no legal evidence against the defendant; it has been ruled out." Whereupon an honest-looking juryman arose, and speaking for himself and some of his fellows, replied: "We have been well acquainted with lawyer Seymour for a number of years, and we know that he never would have prosecuted the case unless he knew that this man was guilty."

A Productive Battle Ground.

Savannah News.

Hundreds and thousands of old soldiers, both Confederate and Federal, will remember Missionary Ridge, near Chattanooga. It is the site of one of the most decisive battles of the war—ragged, rocky, steep, poor in soil as any part of the table land, and was until recently regarded as worthless. For what purpose men held it was not known by themselves or anybody else. Three or four years ago its lands would not bring over $3 to $4 an acre. Now the ridge is covered with orchards, and the profits are such that no land can be bought for less than $40 to $50 an acre. It is thus old ideas give way before new conditions and new infusions of brains and energy.

For the Blade.

HOPE DEFERRED.

BY W. W. WYNN.

A maiden sits within a bower
And looks adown the stream;
For afloat
In a boat
Doth sail from her the dearest dower
Of love's new-budded dream.
She fancies that the colors
The trailing pennon flutters
To the enamored breeze
Are Fortune's benedictions,
That shield from Fate's afflictions
Her voyager on Life's illumined seas.

Long in the sacred nook she waits
With wistful eyes, till earth
And the sky
Doth defy
Her gaze behind their gold-barred gates,
She feels the woman's birth.
She hears divinest carols
From Spring's enbowered apparels
Spontaneously burst;
And monodies enraptured
The am'rous winds hath captured,
Sing lullabies to ev'ry vision nursed.

The rapt moon is a goddess, who
Hath bridal curtains hung
Night around,
Sky to ground,
Of crystal mists and azure blue;
The stars are censers swung
From Heaven's dome of silver,
Whose burning rays doth fill her
Pure soul with purest fire;
And Dawn's love freshened rad'ance
Doth stir, like some sweet cadence
Her hov'ring dreams till love can fly no higher.

The day is walled with brightest green,
Though noon doth blur its hue;
Flow'rets twine
Ev'ry shrine
Of Hymen's making, till the scene
The doors of Heaven woo—
Shall ever her fond vision
Feel Time's full scorned derision,
Frail nymphs of earth and air?
For Fancy's sweet elysian
Too oft is but a prison
That buries Hope from eyes as dear and fair.

Wings pensively the sadder days
That linger with the year,
Yet her heart
Doth not part
From nectared hopes, whose trem'lous lays
From Cupid's eyes each tear
Doth draw of woe pathetic,
Of lover's griefs prophetic;
Yet the unyielding gates
Of horizons all earthly,
So cruel and so earthly—
She watches through her soul sobs while she waits.

O, maiden, never shalt thou more
Look on his mortal face;
In a trance
From Death's lance
He sleeps upon an unknown shore,
In Nature's last embrace.
But thou can't not yet know it,
For sad winds fear to blow it,
And spirits speechless are;
And while Love's wan with sighing
The dull years yet are flying,
And thrice-barbed Mercy comes from skies afar.

And in one Summer's wistful reign
Thy soul dreamt its last dream
Of fair groves
Where Love roves
Perpetually—whence Fate was slain;
And thence beside a stream
Dear ones doth o'er thee cover
The virgin turf, while hover
The echoes of each tone
Above thee, sad lamenting
That Hope, still unrepenting,
Left weeping Love entombed with Faith alone.

Burg Hill, O., June, 1881.

A BORDER CHIEF.

Brief Sketch of the Life of a Prominent Texas Ranger.

New Orleans Times.

The death at Austin, Tex., on Tuesday, the 19th, of John B. Jones, Adjutant General of that State, is the closing event in the history of one of the most picturesque and romantic characters in Texas. Gen. Jones was long the commander of the celebrated State Battalion of Texas Rangers, and was during his career the hero of wild adventures, desperate enterprises, and bloody forays among the hostile Indians and more savage outlaws of the Texas frontier, enough to have furnished material for a cart load of blood curdling fiction of the most sensational sort. He served gallantly in the Confederate armies during the civil war, and on the accession of Gov. Cook in 1874 to the administration of the State Government, he was appointed to the command of the frontier battalion of six companies of Texas rangers. In this service he had many battles with the Comanche and Kiowa Indians, who, at that time, were accustomed to sweep the the western settlements with murder and conflagration. On one occasion with a detachment of 37 men he defeated a war party of 150 warriors; thoroughly armed and well mounted. He captured and exterminated numerous bands of outlaws with which the frontiers of Texas were infested, and by means of his wonderful tact, judgment, coolness, and courage, and the confidence with which he inspired those whom he approached, he was able to reconcile and settle peaceably several deadly feuds that had kept entire communities in a state of strife and bloodshed for years. In this work it is said that often at night, alone in the vast wilds of the frontier, has he met by appointment the most desperate men probably in the world, and by calm reasoning with them persuaded them to return to their homes and live peaceful lives. The desperados of the frontier feared him as they feared no other man. They looked upon him as the embodiment of bravery, honor and truthfulness, and the promises he made to them were relied upon with an unfaltering faith. Space fails for the enumeration of his various adventures, but his work on the frontier was so efficient that it was found that his command could be safely reduced to one company when the gallant commander was made Adjutant General of the State in 1879.

In personal appearance he was as little as possible like the ideal of a daring border chief. Rather below medium night and somewhat slender, he was strong and well knit, and capable of great bodily strength and endurance. His eyes and hair were dark, his complexion pale, and the expression of his countenance remarkably sweet and winning, but serious and thoughtful. He was fairly educated, and his conversation was that of a well-informed gentleman, never turning upon his own adventurous history except among his personal friends. He was neat and careful of his dress, and when he occasionally appeared on the streets of Houston and Galveston wearing a black cloth suit and a shiny beaver hat he looked like a quiet professional gentleman far more than a noted Indian fighter. He was born in Fairfield District, South Carolina, in 1834, but at the age of four years was brought to Texas by his father, who at once identified himself with the State, and became prominent in its history. Gen. Jones was possessed of much executive ability, and, although a man of quiet tastes, was peculiarly fitted for his arduous and exciting work on the frontier. He never married. He died in the 47th year of his age.

Toughness.

Houston (Texas) Post.

The heat has been so great at the North that it has killed an elephant. Down South it fails to kill the musketos.

Written for the Toledo Blade.

MYRA CLARK GAINES.

Life of Litigation.

The Story of a Remarkable Woman as Told by Herself.

It was March in the City of New Orleans—not the

THE WEEKLY BLADE.

TOLEDO BLADE CO., Pubr's.

TOLEDO, OHIO, THURSDAY, SEPT. 1, 1881

OUR CHEAP BOOKS.

It was our intention to withdraw all announcements of cheap books in the BLADE, but such seems to be the demand, that we believe a small list of books for Summer reading will be appreciated by the readers. We therefore select those which are rare bargains in price, and endorse them by saying they are the cheapest ever offered to the reading public, and well adapted to the season. We send all books postpaid by mail.

The greatest bargain is in the two works, "Bible Biography" and "Struggles of Nasby," both of which have been described in these columns as very fine, large illustrated volumes, made expressly for the subscription trade. The regular price of these books are $3, but we mail them post-paid for $1.25. We have but a very few copies of the "Struggles of Nasby" unsold.

The following cloth-bound popular $1.75 novels we are mailing post-paid for 50 cts.: "Lady Lenora," "All for Her," "All for Him," "Conquered," "Peerless Cathleen," "St. Peter's Bride," "Vesta Van," and "The Grimler Papers," "Errors," "Home Harmonies," "Lily of San Miniato," "Home Hits and Hints," "Richard Vandermark," "Bitterwood," "Innocent" from Abroad," "A Woman in the Case," "Odin's Dream," "Another Man's Wife," "Milly Darrell" and "Led Astray."

The following cloth-bound books we are mailing post-paid for 25 cts.: "He or I," a story of the East; "That Comic Primer," a humorous primer; "That Budget of Ours," a novel; "Rice's Poems," a book of poems; "Annals of a Baby," a story; "Mo," a story; "Tim's Wife," a story; "Our Artist in Spain and Cuba," comic illustrations of travel; "That Charming Evening," a book of evening games and pastimes; "Dental Economy," a treatise on the teeth.

The following are bargains, post-paid, by mail: "Tourist's Guide in Great Britain," 75 cents; "Great and Eccentric Characters," $1.50; "Baron Munchausen," 75 cents; "Smith's Bible Dictionary," a large edition, $2.50; "Geological Sketches," 50 cents; "Gulliver's Travels," 50 cents; "War Tiger and White Elephant," 75 cents; "Good Things," an illustrated book for children, $1.25, and "Shakspere," 75 cents.

NASBY PAMPHLETS.

Nasby as a Banker, by Nasby.
The Democratic John Bunyan, by Nasby.
Sent by mail for 10 cents each.
Diary of an Office Seeker, 15 cents.
Or the three pamphlets, 30 cents.
For any of the above books address
THE BLADE,
Toledo, O.

FOR THE LADIES.

White lace stockings are pretty.

Two Saratoga seasons break up a girl.

Emma Abbott is at Fort William Henry, Lake George.

The Mother Hubbard duster is the favorite traveling cloak.

Twenty-four white women have married negros in Boston in one year.

An esthetic girl in the Catskills pitches her voice with a tuning-fork.

Amateur widows prevail in Williamsport, Pa., according to the *Bulletin*.

The most fashionable note paper is of a pale blush hue engraved in script.

Why is a Zulu like a prophet of old? Because she has not much on her in her own country.

It is generally agreed that the toilets were never more gorgeous than they are at Saratoga this season so far.

A pretty costume for lawn party wear is made of peach tinted foulard and trimmed with genuine Spanish lace.

The Cincinnati *Enquirer* mentions a fashion at a watering place which it pronounces "decent immodesty."

A reaction from the follies of Queen Anne style is plainly observable, even among the nouveau riche, at Long Branch.

An observer says that when ladies bet at the races, they are generally guided by a pretty color, the graceful form of the horse, a favorite name, or possibly by the neat and picturesque appearance of the jockey.

Little Lucy fell and hurt her knee badly, which her mother, when she went to bed in the dark, tried to bandage. Soon the little one was heard calling: "Mamma," said she, "this bandage is not in the right place. I fell down higher up."—*Hartford Post.*

The Derby hat will be worn this fall by natty young ladies, but instead of a single black or pearl-colored one there will be a variety in the rich shades of the dark admiral blue, hunter's green, dahlia color, olive and seal brown, to match various seal costumes.

A new lace collar called the "Stephanie" is made of black Brussels lace, laid over stiff net, the edges are wired, and the broad collar is ornamented with jet and gold beads, and bordered with a full plaited frill of the lace fitting to the shoulders and ending in a jabot of the lace, which reaches to the belt.

London *Truth*: "It is still *de rigueur* that a girl must be chaperoned to a private ball, where, unless the tone is singularly lax, she cannot go far wrong. But she may go out into the crowded London streets and by the railway alone, and wander where she will unattended; and she may give such an account of herself when she returns home as best suits her fancy, no one being able to verify or disprove it."

Louis Quinze scarfs and sashes, enormous in size, are to be very fashionable. They are made of many rich materials, and are frequently fitted into the waist seams at the back, and from there are slashed open and carried almost to the foot of the dress, being caught up in numerous loops which impart an appearance of fullness to the tournure. They are sometimes bordered with a handsome Grecian or Persian embroidery; others are made of brocatic or of heavy watered silk, lined with pale gold-colored surah and trimmed with a beaded embroidery of jet and gold. These sashes are 12 or 14 inches wide, and fully answer as drapings to the skirts of trained dresses.

The death of Mrs. Millard Fillmore serves to recall a certain incident connected with her two husbands, in 1847, while she was the wife of Hon. Ezekiel McIntosh, of Albany. Mr. Fillmore was candidate for the position of State Comptroller of New York. Some persons who desired to defeat his election raised about $30,000 for the purpose, and placed it in the hands of Mr. McIntosh, instructing him to place it in the bank in his own name and not to make the matter public. He did as desired, but before the fund could be drawn out for election purposes the Treasurer fell sick and died. Mr. Fillmore was elected Comptroller, and many years afterward married Mrs. McIntosh, and received, as a part of her dowry, the money that had been raised to defeat his election.

Among the dressy boots that peep out from amid the folds and laces of the elegant Summer evening toilets at the watering places, are those of white undressed kid embroidered in delicate wreaths of tinted flowers and fine green leaves, or often the top and instep of the shoe is covered with a pure white embroidering outlined with pearls. Ecru silk Polish boots are also worn, lined with pale blue silk and fastened with small gilt buttons. Pearl gray kid boots are worn with the very fashionable Quaker gray silk dresses and are made with gray satin tops and fastened with mother-of-pearl buttons. Louis VI. slippers are made of pale blue kid embroidered with steel beads, and finished with steel heels; and the new "Stephanie" sandals are of flesh and almond colored satin, the toes covered with point lace medallions.

Gossip for Gastronomers.

New York Express.

Lawton blackberries are now at their best.

Lamb hash is said to be a favorite dish in Newport.

It is about time for somebody to invent a new pudding.

Chicory salad looms up again in the Summer hotel bill of fares.

An Englishman describes clam-chowder as a "disgusting dish."

Eggs are served in 15 different styles at the Elberon, Long Branch.

In this country filet of sole and an old-fashioned flounder are identical.

Brioche is served at the Elberon, Long Branch, as at the Windsor, Saratoga.

The first specimens of this year's crop of oranges in Florida are unusually fine.

Frogs' legs do not meet the demand. They have kicked themselves into great favor.

Potato croquettes should never be served as an entrée.

Ayer's Ague Cure has saved thousands of lives in the malarial districts of this and other countries. It is warranted a certain and speedy remedy, and free from all harmful ingredients.

SEEING THE MIDNIGHT SUN.

Congressman Cox's Adventures at the North Cape of Lapland.

Sunset No More—Arctic Scenes at the Cape—The Rocky Sentinel of the North of Europe—Away North of Iceland and Greenland.

NORTH CAPE, Lapland, July 1.—It is 10 at night, and we are in sight of the Cape! It grows cold and colder. All wraps are ordered up and out, so that from the deck we may survey the splendid headland. Before taking a local view of the situation, let us see where we are—on our planet. Evidently we are in no ordinary out-of-the-way place. The air, sea, sky, light, and, most of all, this mystic volcanic mountain island—wild, bleak, black, bare, and jagged, a thousand feet sheer and clear of the sea, and its surface deeply invested in white—prove our strange situation. The very air blows with a strange chill, and the light which comes to us over the pole obliquely, has in it a sepulchral semi-shadow in the heart of its mild lustrousness. It is a sort of inner light, burning upon the vestibule of our outer darkness. It is a spot to philosophize upon. It hushes the outer senses. It makes one feel the limitations upon our will and works; yet God has encanted this rocky promontory by His sunlight, though He grants it but a brief Summer.

This was the end we proposed in making this long voyage, and yet before I left Trondhjem I saw a hand bill posted on a fish warehouse with the heading:

SPORTING AND PLEASURE TRIP
TO
SPITZBERGEN,
BY WAY OF NORTH CAPE.

It assured the festive public that good hunting boats, with harpooners and all necessary implements, would accompany the expedition, and that Mr. Ellersteen, R. S. O. O. R. J. O., an eminent Arctic explorer, would be along; and all for $100, to and fro. What all these alphabetical prefixes mean, though I surmise that the O's refer to the Order of Olaf, I am not assured; but it was rather a dampener on our enterprise to know that it was so easy to go so much further into the wild Arctic Sea.

NORTH OF ICELAND AND GREENLAND.

At the North Cape we look out upon the Arctic Ocean, and but for distance and Spitzbergen, not to speak of another small isle between, which lies due north we could see the Polar Sea, if not the pole! Let us be content with the prospect! Besides have we not gone eastward as well as northward? We are over 30 degrees north of New York and Chicago. Our longitude has moved us eastward; and the time, as men reckon time, has changed. Every five degrees eastward has made a difference of 20 minutes. Our meals and clocks must undergo their changes. We have come to meet the sun East as well as North, and are adding something to our lives, as some men count living. Being extremely north, and the circles of longitude being less, we mark time more rapidly than in New York; and certainly "make more time" than I have known it to be made in Washington! But whether the degrees be long or short, the real time is the same. A degree here is 22 miles, while at the equator it is four times as much.

So accessible are these ultra northern places by steam voyaging on this coast that we forget how far north we are. Iceland is far south of us. Greenland is below our line drawn circularly westward, and Behring Straits is not within our magic Arctic circle. The pole of the magnet would be found attracting us by its marvelous energy, somewhere on the same lines of latitude where we now move, to the throbbing of the engine and the motion of the sea.

How does this wild north rock appear? Its size is not great, compared with other mountains, but it is a fitting end of a great continent. It is seamed with long lines of white and black, as though marked by fire and thunder. It has its caves washed by epochs of oceanic tempest. At its base is a green fringe of seaweeds, which on near inspection we find very slimy and dangerous to stand upon. Below this is a white line of breakers in snowy contrast with the bleak mountain and green margin. Our vessel turns around the point and enters into the shadows of the mountain. The harbor, if it be one, is as black as ink. When we stop the screw stirs the dark flood into flashes of green and white, making it seem to boil with unaccustomed noise, so deep is the silence and solitude. The throb of engine and the song of the sea cease, and we are comparatively quiet in this lonely cove. We are soon on shore in the Captain's gig, the Captain himself taking the helm. But the landing is difficult. The slippery bowlders give unsafe footing and one woman at least has to be carried ashore by the sturdy sailors. The rest of us have to be heedful of our steps before we are safe under the frowning rock.

THE WORK OF THE GULF STREAM.

Some of our party—the more vigorous Scotch young men—endeavor to ascend the gulch in the mountain. It has often been done. Our Captain has done it twice; but not with such a mass of melted and melting snow as now fills up the gorge. We see them afar up, on hands and knees, patiently climbing. They fall and still have more trouble and danger in the descent. The Captain calls his company—a score of us—together, and the difficulty of reaching the small boat, especially by the ladies, is overcome.

On our return to the ship each one lays down his trophy. One has a piece of wood, evidently borne by the gulf stream from America. It is palmetto. He holds aloft Bayard Taylor's description, with his proof of the existence of the grand river in the ocean. He dwells on Taylor's description of the island, as it glowed in the blended loveliness of sunrise and sunset, and wondered if his picture would be realized when midnight came! Another Scotchman brings as his trophy, a beautiful green cup, with a diamond on it, repeating the verse, with a trill of music in his voice

Like a blade of grass keps its drap of dew.

Another has his thermometer and has been testing the heat of the water, and is reducing Reaumur to Fahrenheit. Some have rounded pebbles as paper weight souvenirs of the spot. The Captain, who has been far up the mountain, —looking like a little silhouette against the immaculate snow—brings a variety of Arctic flowers for general distribution. My wife has a handkerchief full of little love drops of flowers on the tiniest of moss tendrils. One sturdy engineer wears in his buttonhole a big bouquet of the smallest and prettiest flowers known to the nomenclature of botany. The beauty of the tropics in its diminutest is thus reproduced at this frozen and bleak end of the continent.

What a kind dispensation is that which places amid the meager mosses of this far off Arctic rock these little flowers! How brief is their summer! May, June, all the seasons of the florescence which are ours, is here the work of a brief week or month. These flowers are the smiles upon these unlimited rocks. These are beauteous proof that Summer has reached these grim abodes, soon to be enveloped in wintry gloom. They teach us to be

Patient with our loss or pain,
Our troubled space of days so small.

But it is no time to reflect or moralize. We prepare to move from our enchanted, almost sinister, moorings. The gloom which Carlyle, in his "Teufelsdreck," inspires, comes over the soul as we take our last look at the "Infinite Brine," on which he located the low and lazy sun, slumbering on his cloud couch, wrought of crimson and gold, yet with a light streaming over the mirror of the waters, like the tremulous fire pillar—the porch lamp to the palace of the eternal. Shall we realize this weird picture of the cynical yet sublime critic? We will see.

SUNSET NO MORE.

Midnight draws near, and all are anxious. The anchors are lifted. The unusual clangor disturbs one solitary bird, a cormorant, which flies around our boat as though inspecting the invaders of his melancholy home. He is used to sitting upon these rocks—a lonely fisherman—from which, unlike the noble gull, he dives for his prey. Steam is up. The hour of 12 approaches. All are on the *qui vive* for the midnight sun. Twenty of us are at the prow with our watches out. The old orb is radiant. The Captain calls out, "Five minutes of 12!" Will the orb disappoint us? There is a heavy cloud above in the zenith, but it is lined with silver, and a mackerel line of cirrus clouds lies just above his majesty. Like a king of day he is enthroned without obscuration between the long line of clouds, sitting on pearl and amber orange and gold, all the hues of the prism intensified with soft, weird radiance by the struggle between sunrise and sunset.

A minute to 12! He still remains round and radiant. Twelve! Hurrah! Hurrah! It is done, and the cheers go up from this solitude, arousing its echos. The rim of the horizon, far off to the North, where the pole is supposed to be, is silvered with a pale, weird beauty. It grows pink, and this Arctic desolation is made a living splendor.

Self withdrawn into a wondrous depth,
Far sinking into splendor without end.

This is the wondrous phenomenon which we have come so far to witness. The Captain is on the bridge. "*Il fait accompli!*" I sing out to him from below.

"Give it to me in good English, Mister Cox."

I say, "We are all happy. The great transaction is done."

"Prepare to fish!" is the practical response and emphatic order of the Captain.

The lines are out, the Captain leading with two codfish. I soon follow, and the sailors are busy. Mirth goes around at each success. My wife, a good fisherman generally, tugs away at her long line until, like the gentle Admiral, she suddenly "goes below." My courtier René, the Dane, catches a monster, all golden as the sun itself. [Cheers.] Then a Scotchman gets a hideous hog fish of 25 pounds. [Laughter.] Our stewardess, Julia, hauls in a monster. [Renewed cheers and laughter.] And so we keep it up till 2 in the golden morning, when to sleep we go, coveting the port-holes so as to pretend it is night.

We had made many sacrifices to see this remarkable performance of our luminary. Not that either of us was over anxious to find a land where sunset did not occur. We had hoped that there was no realm in this or the future existence where "Sunset" might not come. But I may be allowed to remark that I have borne the sobriquet of "Sunset" for so many years, and it has sounded with such sweet sibilation, that I had come to believe that I had a sort of fee simple in his fairy land, with its gorgeous palaces and cloud capped towers.

SUNSET AND THE UNSETTING SUN.

And must I now be disenchanted? Do I live, and is sunset no more? Do I see a country where the sun is going, going down amid a *mise en scene* equal, if not superior, to that Ohio evening years ago, which I tried to portray with my poor pen—and yet it does not go down? Was it not enough that for 10 long days, or day, there was no night for us, and that the sun, by gilding and glowing in the north without a respite, had disturbed our customary experiences? The reaction might be too sudden. The failure of our old orb to set might—well, there is no telling the cataleptic and other direful consequences. But here was the patent fact! Here were clouds and lights, all the hues of the prism in splendid display, and yet no sunset after all. The unsetting and the unsettable sun! Midnight, and yet light all aglow! No gas, no candles, no stars, no moon—only the fiery orb and his trailing clouds of glory."

But is not the sun all sufficient without other fires? If he stays up and sets not, what more can the human heart desire? What wonder that the Oriental mind clothed the sun with the majesty of divinity, and that the Magi saluted his coming with the worship, as the source of life? What wonder that his beams evoked music from Memnon? Is he not the creator of health and the great benefactor? And we have found a land where he will not and does not set!

Fame.

Parisian Paper.

Baron de Sigognac is a typical country gentleman. Once every year he visits Paris, and in order to keep abreast of the time carries always a note book, in which he records the opinions passed on famous people of the hour or the impression they have left upon him. A few samples will illustrate the nature of this remarkable book. As thus:

Thiers—Collection of engravings.
A. Dumas, pere—Celebrated mulatto.
McMahon—Brave in the field of battle.
Baudry—Paints in oil.
Hugo—Good author.
Jules Grevy—Plays a good game of billiards.
George Sand—Wore men's clothes.
Gounod—Musician, decorated, like himself, with the order of Isabella the Catholic.
Emile de Girardin—Son-in-law of Mme. Sophie Gay.

NATIONAL NORMAL SCHOOL.

Change of Name.

At the Alumnal meeting of '81 a letter was read from an absent Alumnus, (W. P. Rogers, esq., with Harper Bros., New York City,) strongly urging the propriety of calling the National Normal a University, instead of a School. There was an earnest expression in the meeting that the suggestion should be adopted.

At the close of the Commencement Exercises a motion was offered by Hon. James Scott, a former Trustee, that the institution should henceforth be known as the NATIONAL NORMAL UNIVERSITY.

The motion passed by acclamation. The reason for the change, as offered by the absent Alumnus who first proposed it, were:

1. His Alma Mater had sent out more and better workers into all the different fields of labor than any other institution of the same age.

2. It is doing more thorough work than any other institution, though requiring less than half the time for its course.

3. It employs more and better instructors than any other institution in the West.

4. It sustains more different departments of instruction than any Western College or University.

5. This change would be heartily greeted and universally sustained by its hundreds of Alumni and Alumnæ; also by its thousands of former students laboring in all the States and Territories of the Nation.

For these reasons, but mainly because the patrons desire the change, will the "Old Normal" henceforth be known as the NATIONAL NORMAL UNIVERSITY.—*Lebanon Gazette.*

A German Cavalry Race.

One of the beautiful horses, after throwing an officer of the noted "Black Regiment" who rode him into a ditch of water, pluckily continued the race, though riderless, jumping hurdles, walls and ditches, with the others, in magnificent style. On the "home stretch" of course, the animal fell behind, lacking his rider's encouragement, whereupon several men ran out to stop him instead of letting the splendid steed finish the race as he intended to do. The poor horse tried to dodge his pursuers, got bewildered and jumped the picket fence, caught and fell heavily, breaking his shoulder and ribs, thus necessitating his death.

We know from experience St Jacobs Oil we cure rheumatism.—*Peoria (Ill.) Peoian.*

The U. S. Government uses Howe Scales. Send for Catalog to Borden, Selleck & Co., General Agents, Chicago Ill.

PERSONS AND THINGS.

Detroit has 55 William Smiths and only 49 John Smiths.

"That butter is too fresh," as the man remarked when the goat lifted him over the garden fence.

You may say what you please about your "silver-tonged" orators, but a brass check is frequently found more effective.

"Smith," said Brown, "there's a fortune in that mine!" "I know," said Smith, "I've put my fortune in it!"—*Philadelphia Sun.*

The organ of the Vatican, the *Aurora*, has died a natural death. It never sold more than 1,000 copies and has cost Leo XIII. £4,000.

Boston *Transcript*: When a New Orleans man wanted his picture in a heroic attitude, the artist painted him in the act of refusing to drink.

The clam has a larger mouth, in proportion to its size, than a human being, yet a clam never talks about its neighbor.—*Whitehall Times.*

A Kentucky editor says, "We are not responsible for the article in our inside. It was contributed by a friend," etc. Another man shot in the liver.—*Boston Post.*

"What is the greatest charge on record?" asked the professor of history. And the absent-minded student answered: "Seventeen dollars for hack-hire for self and girl for two hours."

Mr. William W. Astor, of New York, has offered a prize valued at $500 for competition by the riflemen of the National Guard, in the Autumn prize meeting of the National Rifle Association, at Creedmoor.

A barrel of lager contains about 30 gallons. There are 16 half pints to the gallons. Retailers, however, get about 20 glasses from the gallon. For a barrel of beer which costs $5 the retailer receives about $30.

The San Antonio (Tex.) *Express* has information from Fort Davis that Lieutenant H Flipper, colored Second Lieutenant of Campany A, Tenth Cavalry, a colored regiment, has been arrested and confined in the guard-house on a charge of defrauding the Government.

The total population of Austria-Hungary by the recent census is 37,741,433, or about one million larger than that of France, and two millions larger than that of Great Britain. The increase in Hungary during the decade was very small—only one-ninth of one per cent.

A question of supply—Parish Clerk (at vestry meeting on the question of organ blower's salary, the Rector in the Chair)—"You see sir, it isn't as if there was only the hymns, but there's the comin' in, and goin' out, and the 'sponses, and the prayers, and the Psalms take a wonderful deal of wind."—*Punch.*

Norristown *Herald*: Four years ago a young man, without a cent on his back, and only one suit of clothes to his name, entered Denver and begged his supper. Last week he eloped with his employer's wife and $10,000 of his cash. Close application to business, coupled with pluck and industry, wins every time.

Some life insurance speculators of Harrisburg have placed large sums on the life of Pap Stewart, a moldy old darky of that City, are plying him with whisky day and night, hoping thereby to realize on him sooner. But Pap takes it all in with the refreshing effect with which flowers absorb the dews of evening, and they may find it necessary, yet, to knock him in the head.

An American, who has the courage of his convictions, tells the truth about Henry Irving, the great London tragedian, in this way: "The American tourist sees only a very ugly and very painstaking, but weak and insufficient, actor, with an unpleasant voice and an artificial and stagy delivery, and the most atrocious pair of legs that an eminent tragedian was ever afflicted with."

For once the prophets who predicted that the Delaware peach crop would be a failure were right. It is evident that the yield will be very light, not more than 100,000 baskets, says a good authority. Compared with the bountiful crop of last year, when the Delaware Railroad alone delivered about 2,000,000 baskets, this is in truth a "beggarly show of empty boxes." There is consolation, however, in the announcement that the freezing weather which killed the buds did not injure the trees.

Religion slips through some people's fingers as rapidly as ill-gotten money. An old Scotch minister told his congregation the truth when he said—"Brethren, you are just like the duke's swans in the lake yonder. You come to church every Sabbath, and I have you all over with the Gospel water, and I pour it upon you until you are almost drowned with it; but you just gang awa hame, and sit down by your fireside, give your wings a bit of flap, and you are just as dry as ever again."

A singular question of Customs duties is raised by the arrival in New York of the yacht "Madge," which James Coates, the wealthy thread manufacturer of Paisley, Scotland, has sent over to compete with American vessels. She was brought as freight on the "Devonia," and the Deputy Collector holds that, as she was entered on the vessel's manifest, she is dutiable as wooden goods to the extent of 35 per cent. of her appraised value. The owner's agent naturally dissents from this view of the case, and has appealed to the Secretary of the Treasury.

The Douglas monument and sarcophagus, erected at Chicago at a cost of about $75,000, is now receiving its finishing touches. A bronze tablet medallion being added which represents "Legislation," and which will have a place on one side of the base. The body of Douglas reposes within the sarcophagus in an iron casket. The marble of which the sarcophagus is made came from Rutland, Vt., Mr. Douglas' native County. On its front side are these inscriptions: "Stephen A. Douglas—Born April 23, 1813. Died June 3, 1861. "Tell my children to obey the laws and uphold the Constitution."

Fishing.

Punch.

ONE
day
Away
You wish
To
fish:
You
float
A
boat;
A
squirming
worm,
A
line
Of
twine;
From
books
Of
hooks
You
try
To
fly,
Or
Troll
With
pole
Till
noon—
The
spoon
And
you
Make
two
At
last
You
cast
Your
bait,
Hard
U
B wet
and
Upset
Get
You
slip;
You
grip
Your
work
Quick
jerk
You
prise!
Surrise!
A
late
Till
wait
fate!—You

Conversation Book for Travelers.

Punch.

What is that peculiar fizzing sound going on inside that barrel labeled "Cement?"

Our Captain has only found 17 infernal machines to day, stowed away among the luggage.

Why have they placed that large box containing "Best American Granite—with care," so close to those fires in the engine room?

My new anti dynamite fire and water proof suit of armor seems just a trifle heavy on deck in a broiling sun.

Next time I shall certainly go to Europe via San Francisco, India, and the Suez Canal.

I should feel much safer if Mr. O Donovan Rossa were on board.

Now that we have got to the Liverpool landing stage, why are five policemen and a detective from Scotland Yard examining the inside of the baby's perambulator?

How to Secure Health.

It is strange any one will suffer from derangements brought on by impure blood, when Scovill's Sarsaparilla and Stillings, or Blood and Liver Syrup will restore health to the physical organization. It is a strengthening syrup, pleasant to take, and the Best Blood Purifier ever discovered, curing Scrofula, Syphilitic disorders, Weakness of the Kidneys, Erysipelas, Malaria, Nervous disorders, Debility, Bilious Complaints and Diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys, Stomach, Skin, etc.

Would not be without Redding's Russia Salve, is the verdict of all who use it. Price 25c.

THE IRISH LAND BILL.

Summary of Its Provisions as Passed by Both Houses of Parliament.

New York Herald.

The following are the main heads of the land bill as it has finally passed both Houses of Parliament:

SALE OF TENANCIES.

I—Tenant may sell his tenancy for the best price he can get. Conditions:

1. Sale to one person only.
2. Notice to landlord.
3. Landlord may purchase on receiving notice.
4. Tenant must state consideration.
5. Court may declare sale void.
6. Landlord may object to purchaser.
7. Court may recompense landlord for debt out of the purchase money.
8. Where improvements made by the landlord, purchase money apportioned by court.
9. Landlord may give notice that he has claims on the estate.
10. Where purchase money paid into court, court must determine all applications.
11. Tenant who has sold his tenancy shall not be entitled to compensation for disturbance or improvement.

12. Tenant, if holding subject to Ulster tenant right system, may sell in pursuance of that custom or in pursuance of this section but not both.

DEVOLUTION OF TENANCIES.

II—When a person receives a tenancy as a bequest, he must be accepted by the landlord as though he were a purchaser.

INCREASE OF RENT.

III—When landlord demands increase of rent, then

1. Tenancy shall be deemed, if tenant accepts, a tenancy subject to statutory conditions for 15 years.
2. If tenant does not accept, tenancy shall be sold and tenant shall receive amount by which court decides the selling of tenancy to have been depreciated below amount which would have been selling value if rent were fair rent.
3. If tenant does not accept he is entitled to compensation for disturbance.
4. Tenant in place of accepting or declining such increase may apply to court to have the rent fixed.
5. When landlord cannot agree with tenant on the subject he may also have access to the court.

The last clause was an amendment of the Lords. Mr. Gladstone's assent provoked the hostility of the Irish party.

INCIDENTS OF TENANCY.

IV—Tenant shall not be compelled to pay increase of rent unless he violates what are in this act referred to as statutory conditions, viz:—

1. Punctual payment of rent.
2. No waste.
3. No subdivision or subletting.
4. No act whereby tenancy becomes vested in assignee in bankruptcy.
5. Not refusing landlords rights of entry for purposes of mining, cutting, hunting or fishing.
6. Not opening a house for the sale of intoxicating liquors.

COMPENSATION.

V. and VI.—Repealing portion of the land bill and tenant (Ireland) act of 1870.

INTERVENTION OF COURT.

VII.—1. Court may determine fair rent.
2. Rent thus fixed called judicial rent, payable first rent day after decision.
3. When rent thus fixed, tenancy to be held under statutory conditions for 15 years.
4. Court may disallow application under this section when improvements have been made and maintained by landlord.
5. When application is made landlord and tenant may agree to fix a specified value for tenancy. Then if tenant wants to sell landlord has right of purchase at that value.
6. Statutory terms not renewed till preceding statutory term has expired.
7. No application for judicial rent may be made till the last 12 months of the current statutory term.
8. No rent payable in respect of improvements made by tenant.
9. Court may take action when it considers the conduct of landlord or of tenant to be unreasonable.

MISCELLANEOUS REGULATIONS.

XII—1. Time of sale limited to one month after receipt of notice to quit.
2. Court may enlarge time.
3. Court may suspend proceedings taken against tenant, unless for breach of statutory conditions.
4. If notice of quit is served for breach of statutory condition tenant may apply to court, and if court thinks adequate satisfaction is made by payment of damages to landlord it may so order.

DETERMINATION OF TENANCY.

XVIII.—Tenancy deemed to have determined, when landlord has resumed possession by purchase or default or operation of law.

EXISTING LEASES.

XIX.—Existing leases to continue as this act had not passed. Provided that at their expiration they become subject to its provisions; and if, since the act of 1870, the court considers the acceptance of any lease to have been unreasonable it may annul it.

PURCHASE OF ESTATES.

XXIII.—1. Estates may be purchased by the land commission to resell to a competent number of tenants."

2. Sale by commission to tenant may be in consideration of a fine and of a fee farm rent.
3. Land commission may advance tenant sum not exceeding 75 per cent. of the price.
4. Commission may indemnify, and such indemnity will be a charge on the consolidated fund.

To this must be added the Lords' amendment, accepted by Mr. Gladstone, that any applicant to the commission who may consider himself aggrieved may appeal to the Court of Appeals in Ireland, with the limitation that the leave of the Court must be asked.

Curious Applications for Divorce

Ben Mullett, a colored man, who cultivates cotton and drinks whisky, came into Little Rock, Ark., and, finding the United States Judge, said:

"I's got a piece of business for yer to transact."

"Well," replied the Judge, "proceed."

"I's arter a divorce."

"I have very little to do with such cases. But why do you wish to sever the ties that bind you to a companion, who, in all probability, is much too good for you?"

"Kase I can't get along wid him, Judge?"

"Him?"

"Yes, sah—him!"

"You didn't marry a man, did you?"

"No, sir. I married ez likely a culled 'oman ez yer ever seed, and I don't want no divorce from her. I wants a divorce from my son."

"From your son?"

"Yas—kase dat boy is a monst'ous sight ob trouble, an' spen's ebery nickel he kin git his han's on."

"There's no such thing as a divorce from a son."

"Dar may not be in de law; but dar is wid me. What's de law fur, if it ain't to pertect a man? Any man can git a divorce from his wife; but gettin' one from his son is one ob de fine p'ints. Say, now, Judge, de law on de p'int of technicality kin do anything. Can't yer make dis a technicality, jest ter obleege de ole man what driv a team enduring de wah?"

"You haven't enough sense to drive a team. Go away!"

"I's tried de law, an' now I'll try de Gospel. An' ef dat pseacher down in de bottoms can't fix up de paper fur me, I'll take de nature ob de case into my own han's and break dat boy's neck!"

Labor Saving.

The demand of the people for an easier method of preparing Kidney Wort has induced the proprietors, the well known wholesale druggists, Wells, Richardson & Co., of Burlington, Vt., to prepare it for sale in liquid form as well as in dry form. It saves all the labor of preparing, and as it is equally efficient it is preferred by many persons. Kidney-Wort always and everywhere proves itself a perfect remedy. *Buffalo News.*

CANVASSERS make from $35 to $60 per week selling goods for H. G. Rideout & Co., 10 Barclay street, New York. Send for catalog and terms.

THE ONE-LEGGED MAN.

A Portly Wife Spoils the Projected Sport of a Crushed Husband.

Bill Nye in Boomerang.

The other morning while the main guy of the sanctum was putting more carbolic acid in the paste pot, and unlimbering his genius, and tuning his lyre preparatory to yanking loose a few stanzas on the midsummer cucumber, a man with a cork leg came softly in and sat down on a volume containing the complete poems of Noah Webster. He waited patiently till he could catch the eye of the speaker. When the time arrived for the lodge to open up unfinished business, communications and new business, he ran his wooden leg through the rounds of a chair and said: "I desire to make a few remarks on the subject of home government, and the rights a husband may have which his wife is bound to respect. Last week I celebrated my forty-third birthday, or I started to celebrate it, and circumstances over which I had no control arose and busted the program as mapped out by the committee of arrangements. It was the intention of the party, consisting of myself and several others of our most eminent men, to go over to Sabille Cañon with a mountain wagon and a pair of pinto plugs for a little wholesome recreation. We had some weapons for slaying the frolicsome jack rabbit and the timid sage hen, and had provided ourselves against every possible rattlesnake contingency. We were all loaded up in good shape, and drove around to my house to get a camp kettle and some lemons. I went into the pantry to get a couple of pounds of sugar and a nutmeg. My wife met me in the pantry, and roughly and brutally smelled of my breath. This was not the prerogative of a true wife, but she weighs 200, and is middling resolute, so I allowed her to do so, although every man's breath is his own property, and if he allows his wife to take advantage of her marital vows to smell his breath on the most unlooked for occasions, what is to become of our boasted freedom? I then went up stairs, into a closet, after a lap-robe and a pillow, to use in case any of us got sunstruck. My wife came in just then, and as I started away with the pillow she tripped me up so that I fell inside the closet, and before I could recover from my surprise she sat down on me in such a solemn and impressive manner that my eyes hung out on my cheeks like the bronze door-knobs on a Pullman car. There I was in the impenetrable gloom of a closet, with the trusting companion of my home life flattening out my stomach till I could feel my watch-chain against my spinal column. She then unscrewed my cork leg in a mechanical way, and locked it up in the bureau drawer, putting the key in her pocket. After that she fastened the closet door on the outside, and told the party that I would be unable, owing to the inclemency of the weather, to take part in the exercises at Sabille Cañon. All through that long, long, weary day I stood around on one leg, and looked out of the window, thinking what a potent spell is exerted over a wooden legged man by an able bodied wife. It is a question, sir, which is of vital interest to us all. "Must the one-legged unfortunate continue thus to subserve the interests of the two-legged partner of his joys and sorrows?" He did not wait for an answer. He simply gathered up a few of our freshest exchanges and stole silently down stairs.

SOUND SENSE.

Gov. Jarvis' Suggestions to the Youth of North Carolina.

Gov. Jarvis, of North Carolina, delivered the address before the Alumni of Randolph Macon College, Virginia, on the 15th of June. The address has since been printed. The following are some brief quotations from it:

"All honest labor is honorable, and should have the favor of all good people. He who is not fitted for the professions will find it in the eyes of proper thinking people, just as honorable to serve on the farms, in the workshops or at the trades. The successful farmer, merchant or mechanic is the equal of the successful lawyer, doctor, or politician, and incomparably greater than the professional failure."

"The more fashionable and less thoughtful of them sometimes frown upon the man who works with his hands for an honest living, while they smile upon the dainty darling of fashion. Let me at least hope that they do not know the evil they do. Such sentiments drive young men to idleness, idleness to want, want to crime, and crime to disgrace."

"What right has he to use the public service to promote his own or another's ends? None. And the man who trades and traffics in a public trust commits a crime against the public. And yet men, in these days of debauched politics, are daily violating this principle."

"There is no service in which you can engage, save that of the Creator, more sacred than that of your country. No man who does his duty can withdraw himself entirely from such service."

"I pray God that the great centennial year will be the end of all strife in this land of ours. At this year 100 years ago was the end of the struggle for reconciliation; and, as from the bloody plains of Yorktown in 1781 the sun of liberty rose to shed his beneficent rays for all time to come upon free America, so, in 1881, from these fields may the sun of an absolute and everlastingly reconciled brotherhood rise never again to be dimmed while time shall last. Yes my friends, as the people gather from the North and from the South, from the East and from the West, and meet upon that sacred soil, may the spirit of an hundred years ago fall upon them and bind them together in bonds of love and confidence that can never be rent asunder. And when they leave that hallowed ground, may that spirit go with them, and abide with them and all the people forevermore."

"It is hard to have no friend to cheer sh; it is worse to have no country to serve; but it is death eternal to have no God to love or religion to comfort. Man without a friend is a misanthrope, and knows nothing of the sweets of life. Without a country he is an exile and a wanderer—and aimless Arab in the desert. Without a religion he is in a wilderness of uncertainty, without a guide—in the dark without a light—in the world without a hope."

Lorne and Louise.

Chicago Tribune.

"I notice by the cable dispatches that the Princess Louise has gone to Paris. I am glad to see the Princess enjoy herself. She is a most estimable young lady, and previous to our marriage I was on the most friendly terms with her."—*Marquis of Lorne.*

Is your scalp full of dry husky scales and little pimples? Dr. Benson's Skin Cure will cleanse your scalp and remove all scales and tenderness within six days. Try it, for it is the best head dressing ever used. Sold by all druggists at $1 per package.

Winnipeg Women.

Women are very scarce, apparently, in Winnipeg, the proportion visible in the day time being about 50 men to one woman. I never saw so many men in all my life. On the streets during the day it is nothing but one continual stream of men, men, men, with hardly a woman to be seen, but in the evening about 7, they begin to swarm out. Ladies of the better class here dress elegantly, much better and with better taste than in some other Canadian Cities. But taking the whole turn out, of all classes, I never saw such a wretched crowd of females. There are very few pretty girls, a few stylish looking ones who spoil their appearance by over dressing. The half-breed girls to me look most bewitching and

Answers to Correspondents.

We are obliged so remind our readers that there are certain classes of questions which we cannot undertake to answer, viz.:

1. Those not accompanied by the name of the writer. The name is not required for publication, but only as an evidence of good faith. All letters not complying with this rule find their way at once to the waste basket.

2. Mathematical problems and questions in grammatical construction. We are willing to give all our readers an opportunity to ask and answer the former, but we have not the type necessary for publishing algebraic problems and solutions.

3. Questions which in the judgment of the editor are not appropriate or proper in the columns of the BLADE. Hundreds of questions come to this Department every week, and the editor must be allowed to exercise his discretion in making selections calculated to promote the general interest.

4. Questions as to the standing or reliability of persons, firms or corporations doing a general business. The BLADE'S endorsement is too valuable to be bestowed indiscriminately, and it is not always possible for us to devote time necessary to ascertain the standing of an individual or a firm located in a distant part of the country.

Correspondents whose inquiries are not answered within a reasonable time would do well to repeat them. If they still fail to receive an answer they are asked to believe that the questions remain unanswered for good and sufficient reasons.

We must request that subscribers will keep all communications for the business and editorial departments of the BLADE entirely separate and distinct, always upon separate leaves. Questions for this department should never be written on the same leaf with letters containing subscriptions or orders for books. Letters intended for this department of the paper should be marked "Correspondents' Department."

C. G. J.: Address Silk Reporter, New York City.

R. S. Winnebago, Ill.: Address Ben Pitman, Cincinnati, O.

"Guardian," Crete, Neb., asks some questions, but neglects to sign name. Read rules.

S. M. K., Clarinda, Ia.: The "Lime Kiln Club" is a myth—the brain creation of a clever writer.

L. V. S., Irvington, Mich.: The BLADE is not stereotyped, and back numbers cannot be furnished.

J. B. F., Bangor, Mich.: Any wholesale tobacconist can give you the information—Bagley & Co., of Detroit, for instance.

A. H. S., Oakfield, N. Y.: Write to Routledge, George A. Sala, New York City, for Bonnechose's History of France, $4.50.

C. S., Cincinnati, Neb.: Can we get the BLADE in German print? Sorry to say we cannot furnish the BLADE in German.

D. K. W., Valley, Wis.: We cannot assist you. Your Indian battle-ax has no market value; some curiosity hunter might purchase it, but we cannot recommend any one.

J. R. B., Wegatchie, N. Y.: The following are among the principal grain dealers of Toledo: Walker, Fiske & Co., Carrington & Casey, Minzer & Bodman, Young & Backus.

C. W. C., Camp Point, Ill.: We do not know the location of any establishment that manufactures oil from sunflower seeds. Peck & Co., Cincinnati, are extensive manufacturers of lard.

S. B. J., Sullivan, Ill.:

1. Is a person born in the United States whose parents were not naturalized considered a citizen? Also is the population of Toledo, according to the late census?

2. Yes. 3. 54,183.

F. W., Elkhart, Ind.: Will you please inform me what day and month is Hallowe'en, and why it is so called?

October 31, and is so called because it is the evening preceding All Saints' Day.

J. E. C., Atwood, Tenn.: If you are a reader of the BLADE, you will find the debt statement published every month, which gives the information you ask for. There is no United States bank; national banks are owned by private individuals, who deposit bonds to secure circulation.

S. P., Three Locusts, O.: The Congressional Record is the only publication that gives full Congressional proceedings. It is published only during sessions of Congress. The price, we think, is $5. You can obtain it by addressing the publishers, or through your member of Congress.

T. J. McNamara, Weaverville, Cal., writes: "Can the BLADE or any of its readers furnish me with a copy of the poem commencing:

'Beside the Styles! Who dare suggest
Such act of sacrilege!
Who would from us thus rudely wrest
Our noblest heritage!'"

S. G. T., New London, O.:

1. From what is the word dollar derived? 2. How many nations use it, and what is its value in English money?

It is derived from Dale or Dolles, the town where it was first coined, in Germany. 2. The Irish dollar is worth 4s 6d, the Zealand dollar 4s 9d, the specie dollar 5s, the Riga dollar 3s 3d, the American dollar 4s 2d.

P. H., Harper, Kan.: The Democrat was the first newspaper printed in Chicago, established in 1833 by John Wentworth which in 1861 was merged in the Tribune, established in 1847. It is not known positively that Jay Gould controls any newspaper, though rumor gives him the control of several. The list of newspapers taking the Associated Press reports is too lengthy to publish.

J. D. D., St. Charles, Mo.:

1. How can I obtain a copy of the "North American Review," (current and numbers)? 2. What is the shortest distance by rail from New York to San Francisco?

1. Send through your newsdealer to Bouvé, Eger & Co., Toledo, O.; the price is 50 cents a number, or $5 per year. 2. The Postal Guide gives the distance as 3,317 miles.

Not long since a correspondent told about a white robin. Now comes C. L. P., of Bement, Ill., with the following turkey story: "I have a turkey hen which last recently came off her nest in an oat field, with a fine brood of young turkles, and a family of nine baby quails which we cared for by the turkey the same as the turkles. Is there a precedent to this case, and will they domesticate? They pasture in the orchard near the house, and seem at home."

Arbor, Troy, Ia.:

Would you please answer the following in your paper. Was a foreigner first taken over the naturalization papers and fails to take out his final papers, what is the result as far as he is concerned?

It was held in the Kosta case that he was entitled to the protection of the Government, but it is doubted by many if such decision would hold good now. He cannot, of course, vote or exercise any of the rights of a citizen as by holding office, etc.

W. P. G., Nantucket, Ill.:

Please give answers to the following in our forthcoming columns: 1. When were the 11th and 12th amendments added to the Constitution? 2. Is the 14th amendment? If so, when adopted, and what is its meaning?

1. The 11th amendment was declared in force January 8, 1798; the 12th was declared in force September 25, 1804. 2. There is no 13th amendment; one was proposed, recognizing female suffrage. It died aborning.

W. E. S., Marion, Minn.:

As there is a law granting a one year soldier the right to make final proof on a homestead by living on it, cultivating one year and a half of it, but how by a will they have to live on it be time they can make final proof?

The time of service in the army is deducted from the five years required by law under the homestead act. There is an exception in the case of timber culture, where a patent is given at the end of three years, when the conditions have been complied with.

X. Y. Z., Ottawa, Ia.:

Will you please tell me who did the author and where I can find the lines which I see so often quoted, viz.: "While glory guards with solemn round the bivouac of the dead?"

The poem was written by Col. O'Hara, of Kentucky. We do not know where you can obtain a copy. The lines so often quoted are:

"On Fame's eternal battlefield their silent tents are spread;
And Glory guards with jealous round the bivouac of the dead."

J. S. M., Southport, Tenn.:

What are the distinctions between cataracts and cascades?

A cataract is a large mass of water precipitating itself in one or more unbroken sheets from top to bottom of a precipice. By a cascade is meant a succession of falls, or the leaping of water from rock to rock in its descent, as down a flight of steps. The loftiest cataract in the world is to be found in the Yohamite Valley, California where the water makes a single leap of 2,100 feet perpendicular, the total height of the fall being 3,100 feet.

L. L., Chira, Col.:

1. What are the allovs used in making gold and silver coins? 2. What is the total amount of United States coinage? 3. What is the penalty for letter breaking?

1. The alloy of gold coins is copper, or copper and silver, the silver in no case to exceed one-tenth of the whole alloy; the alloy of silver coins consists of copper. 2. The Director of the Mint estimated the gold and silver currency of the United States November 1, 1880 as follows: Gold, $444,012,930; silver, $ 58,271,327; total $602,183,257. The total coinage per year now amounts to about $84,000,000. 3. The penitentiary.

J. M. K., Stephens Mills, Ky.:

The Democrats are reporting around that Congress has passed a law making a $25 fine if a white man refuses to eat at the table with a black man, or ride in the cars or stage. Is there any such law?

There is no law to compel a white man to eat or ride with a colored man; but there is a law that a colored man shall not be denied admittance to a hotel or public conveyance because of his color. If there was not some such protection, a colored man might starve to death in some localities, or be unable to travel, except on foot or horseback, even though he had thousands of dollars in his pocket.

Mac, Fredericktown, O.:

1. Can a Senator (if a lawyer) act as an attorney in a lawsuit during his term of office? 2. What does the word "Nemesis" mean? 3. In what does the religion of the Zoarites consist, and how do they support themselves?

1. Certainly. 2. Retributive justice personified; divine vengeance. 3. They are communistic, governed by a board of three trustees; the principal business of the society is general farming, with raising and breeding of fine stock. We are unable to find any account of their peculiar religious belief, but they were granted a charter as Separatists from the Quakers, we think.

J. V., Nelsonville, O., who is evidently a disciple of Ingersoll, writes: "I saw an inquiry in the BLADE of July 14 concerning the 'Junius Letters,' and the answer that Sir Philip Francis was thought to be the writer. Now, I have read from good authority that Thomas Paine wrote the 'Junius Letters,' but I suppose Carlisle's words not give him any credit for it if there was indisputable proof that he did write them. If Paine had let religious matters alone and confined himself to politics he would have been second to none; as it is, the good people of this great Nation, with true Christian-like kindness and justice, try to deprive him of credit for what he did do, and never mention his name but with hatred, because he would not swallow the Bible, cover and all." We do not think Paine's reputation is suffering any from attacks by Christians. No one mentions his name with hatred—certainly no American. His reputation does not depend on the "Junius Letters," nor does any "good authority" ascribe their authorship to him.

I. N. S., Mapleton Depot, Pa.:

1. How many mints are there in the United States, and where are they situated? 2. What seven cities claimed the honor of having been the birthplace of Homer after his death? 3. In what year was Tasso born and in what year did he die?

1. Answered a week or so ago. 2. The prevailing opinion seems to be that Homer was born in Smyrna, but Rhodes, Cyprus, Salamis, Athens, Argos, Pylos, and several other cities and islands claimed the honor of being his birthplace. There are many legends concerning Homer, generally vague and contradictory. He certainly was never employed on a newspaper, or he would not have met his death in the manner related in one of the legends, which recites that he died of vexation at being unable to solve a riddle propounded to him by some young fishermen. In answer to his question if they had got anything, they replied: "As many as we caught, we left; as many as we did not catch, we carry." 3. The elder Tasso was born November 11, 1493, and died in September, 1563. The younger Tasso was born March 11, 1544, and died April 25, 1595. Both father and son were poets, but the latter attained the most renown.

J. R. C., Holston Valley, Tenn.:

Will you please give some facts about the albatross—where it is found, its haunts, etc.?

There are three species—the common albatross, the albatross of China, and the yellow and black-beaked albatross. The feet are short; the three toes long and completely webbed; the wings very long and narrow. The common albatross is the largest sea bird known, weighing from 12 to 25 pounds. The usual extent of its wings is about 11 feet, but one was shot off the Cape of Good Hope with wings 17½ feet in extent. The top of its head is nearly gray; all the rest of its plumage white, with the exception of a few black spots on its back and wing feathers. It is abundant from the Southern Ocean to Behring's Strait and the coast of Kamtchatka, but is rarely seen on the Eastern or American coasts. Its voracity is extreme, and it is said that it will swallow whole a fish of five pounds weight. Its powers on the wing are extraordinary; and sailors, who know it generally as the "man-of-war bird," believe that it sleeps in the air. It is often taken by sailors with a line and hook baited with a piece of pork.

J. D. N., Lexington, Ky.:

What country first adopted the eagle as a national emblem, and what countries have used it?

Among the attributes of royalty sent to Rome by the friendly Tuscans was a scepter with an eagle of ivory. From that time the Republic adopted the figure as an emblem of the State, the Emperor retaining the symbol as a sign of their empire. At first the Romans carved their eagles out of wood, then of silver, with thunder-bolts of gold. Augustus first fashioned them entirely of gold, wanting the thunder-bolts and this shape and material was followed by all the Cæsars. The eagle was first adopted by the Persians as a standard for their armies, and it was from them the Romans borrowed that form of their use. Napoleon introduced eagles of gilt metal as standards for his French troops. The double-headed eagle was first adopted by the Emperors of the East, to typify their claim to both empires. Otho the Fourth was the first German Emperor who employed the eagle as an imperial symbol. Austria received it from her inheritance in the East. It has also been employed by the emperors of Russia, and by the Kings of Prussia, Poland, Sicily, Spain, Sardinia, as well as by many of the petty sovereigns of Germany.

John, West Creek, Ind.:

Can you tell the origin of the phrase, "Go out to see a man?"

Its origin is attributed to "Artemus Ward," and the story of its inception is told in the St. Louis *Globe Democrat* as follows: Once the lamented humorist was engaged to fill an evening in the lecture course of a popular literary institution of a New England City. During the lecture, an individual who occupied a seat on one of the front benches, seemed determined to resist the speaker's efforts to make him laugh. Artemus soon discovered both the listener and his intention, and concentrated all his powers on him. For a long time it seemed as if the man had the best of it, but by and by one of Browne's queer conceits took effect. The obstinate fellow gave way and laughed and kicked like a delighted school boy. Artemus celebrated his victory by coolly announcing to his audience; "Ladies and gentlemen, this will terminate the first act, and we will drop the curtain for a few moments; while the scenery is being arranged for the next act the lecturer will take occasion to go out to see a man," and with perfect sang froid he left the platform for the ante-room, where he refreshed himself with a pull from a flask of old Bourbon.

Reader, Litchfield, Ill.:

Can you give us some light on the common house fly, where they come from each returning Spring, who ever saw their eggs or their place of deposit during incubation, and place of convalescence, or how flies until maturity, as they all come to us full grown?

The eggs are deposited in manure around stables and other unclean places, in which the fleshy larvæ undergo their transformation. The swarms of Summer are doubtless the progeny of a few individuals which have survived the Winter in some protected nook, and are not produced from eggs laid the preceding season. It is possible that a few may pass the Winter in the pupa state, and be developed by the warmth of Spring. Among the thousands of domestic flies all are of the same size, those larger or smaller being of different species. The blue bottle or blow fly generally deposits their eggs on animal substances, and are hatched in two or three hours; they pass the pupa state in the ground, or in some crevice, the larval skin not being cast off, but changed as flies in a few days, or, if hatched late in the season, remain unchanged through the Winter. A single female of the flesh fly will produce about 20,000 young, which increase in weight seen as the brood is hatched.

H. C. S., Lone Pine, Pa., writes: "In the BLADE of August 18 you answer H. S., Abilene, Kan., that Gen Mulligan was killed near Martinsburg, Va., July 24, 1864. Either you are mistaken or we do not mean the same man. I am speaking of Col. Mulligan of the 23d Illinois Infantry, commonly called the Irish brigade. I was his orderly. He was only Colonel commanding the brigade at the above date, at Kernstown, three miles above Winchester, Va. I was very close to him when the fatal bullet struck. It was at the upper end of the Village. The famous 23d, or Irish brigade, as us Rebels call them, was on the right of the pike, and the cavalry force was on the left of the pike, when the columns of both sides came together at the west or south end of this village. I stayed there until Mulligan was shot, then sheltered behind a brick house in the village, on the left of the pike, until the rebel columns were very close, and then made my escape through the shell and musketry, leaving through Winchester. Our next stand was on the Opaqan Creek, between Winchester and Berryville. It was the last I ever saw of that famous and beloved by all the Ringgold Cavalry 'Green Shirt,' as we called Col. Mulligan. He usually wore a green blouse, and if my memory serves me right he wore it in that last engagement. It is true I may not have this correct, as I was only a boy of 17 summers, and now it has been 17 long years since. If any one can give any more light on this I would like to hear from him."

W. A. D., Amelia, Ind.:

Please describe, in your correspondents' column, the Greek fire. How was it made and how used?

The Greek fire was most advantageously employed in the defense of Constantinople during the two sieges by the Saracens, A. D. 668-675 and 716-718. The secret of its preparation and use was derived from Callinicus, a deserter from the service of the Caliph to that of the Emperor. It appears to have been a compound of bitumen, sulphur and pitch, and to have been poured from caldrons or projected in fireballs, or on arrows or javelins around which flax was twisted, saturated with the inflammable compound. It was vomited through long copper tubes from the prows of fire-ships. These were themselves consumed, as they sent fire and destruction among the galleys of the enemy. For 400 years its secret was successfully preserved by the Romans of the East, the vengeance of heaven being impreated upon whomsoever should divulge the composition, which the people were taught to believe was revealed by an angel to the first of the Constantines. The Mohammedans finally obtained the secret, and in the Crusades turned the art against the Christians. Its use was continued until the middle of the 14th century, when it gave place to gunpowder. The French experimented with a composition of benzole and potassium, and during the Commune of 1871 many thousand bombs were thrown with disastrous effect. A mixture of three parts of benzole and one of sulphuret of carbon, being put into a hand grenade previously heated by immersion in boiling water, produced a disengagement of vapor, which could be ignited and would continue to burn from a jet until the whole was consumed.

C. S. B., Saunemin, Ill.:

Will you please give a recipe in the columns of the WEEKLY BLADE for making laundry starch?

It is said that most of the laundry starch is manufactured from rice, by a process patented in 1840 by Orlando Jones, which is also quite as applicable to the other grains. It is macerated in a weak alkaline solution, a gallon of water to every two pounds of rice, and about 200 grains of caustic soda or potash to the gallon, which dissolves the gluten but leaves the starch. After standing about 24 hours, the alkaline liquid is drawn off, and the rice, after being well washed, is drained, and is then ground into flour. A fresh quantity of lye is added to it, with frequent stirring. It is now left for 70 hours, in which time the dissolved gluten rises and is all found in a turbid, yellowish stratum at the top. This portion is carefully drawn off, leaving the fibrous portion of the grain at the bottom, intermixed and covered with starch. The deposit is then stirred up and washed with abundance of cold water, and the mixture being left to repose, the fibrous portion is deposited with very little starch, and the remainder is drawn off by a siphon through a fine seive into a cistern, when it is further washed and purified. The gluten is recovered by neutralizing its solution with sulphuric acid, by which means it is precipitated. The water is then drawn off, and the gluten collected, dried, ground, and mixed with other flour. The bluish white starch used by laundresses is colored with a mixture of smalts and alum in water. Muslins, etc., are "clear starched" in the following manner: Rinse the articles in three waters, dry them and dip them into thick made starch, which has been previously strained through a piece of muslin; squeeze them, shake them gently, and again hang them up to dry; when they are dry dip them twice or thrice into clear water, squeeze them, spread them on a linen cloth, roll them up in it, and let them lie an hour before ironing them. Some use a small piece of paraffin candle-end to increase the glossiness of the ironed fabric.

L. C. D., Coshocton, O.:

Can you tell me anything about mesmerism, how to learn it, etc? Are there any books treating on it?

It was first brought into notice in Germany, in 1775, by Mesmer, who had graduated in medicine at Vienna nine years before. In 1778 he transferred his residence to Paris, where he was coldly received by the medical profession, but met with great success financially, his receipts at one time amounting to 100,000 francs per annum. He pretended to cure all kinds of disorders by means of a magnetic tub, filled with water to a certain depth and its bottom covered with a mixture of iron fillings and broken glass. In 1784 the French Government ordered the medical faculty of Paris to investigate Mesmer's theory. Under this order a commission was appointed, Benjamin Franklin, at that time Minister to France, being a member. Mesmer refused to appear before them, but Dr. D'Eslon took his place, and tried a number of experiments before them. In their report the Commissioners say that, "in regard to the existence and utility of animal magnetism, they have come to the unanimous conclusion that there is no proof of the existence of the animal magnetic fluid; and that the violent effects which are to be observed in the public practice of magnetism are due to the manipulations, to the excitement of the imagination, and to that sort of mechanical imitation which leads us to repeat anything which produces an impression upon the senses." This report affected Mesmer's practice, and he soon after retired to Switzerland, in possession of considerable wealth. The subject passed through the different phases of magnetic sleep, somnambulism, magnetism, etc., until 1817, when the Russian Government took notice of it, and ordered that none save physicians should practice mesmerism. In 1837 the Academy of Medicine in Paris again investigated the matter, and again decided that the doctrine of animal magnetism had nothing in common with either physiology or therapeutics. In 1840 a Mr. Braid, of Manchester, discovered that he could produce sleep in most persons whom he tried. He gave the name of "hypnotism" to the sleep and somnambulism thus produced, and styled his theory for the explanation of the phenomena "neurypnology." The principles discovered by him were applied by other persons in various ways, and variously styled "biology," "electro-biology," etc. All the phenomena produced under these different names are substantially mesmeric. While the members of the medical profession, with few exceptions, have always opposed the claims of mesmerism, these have nevertheless found supporters in many men of learning and eminence. Numerous books and pamphlets have been published on the subject—among others Deleuze's "Practical Instruction in Mesmerism," "Mesmerism, its History, Phenomena, and Practice," "Facts in Mesmerism," "Truth in Popular Superstitions," and "Practical Instruction in Animal Magnetism." These books may be ordered through your bookstore.

Information Wanted.

J. P. Arnold, Graysville, Ill., wants the address of Surgeon Pitcher, 143d Ind. Inf.

Judson Palmer, Elmira, Otsego Co., Mich., wishes the address of Alonzo E. Hutchinson.

E. B. Fayn, 116 Washington street, Chicago, wants the address of Surgeon Pond, 73d Ills. Inf.

Russell Beckwith, Wheeling, Livingston Co., Mo., wants the address of George Beckwith, an engineer.

J. C. Banta, St. Nathaus, Oconto Co., Wis., wants the address of Capt. Robt. Gray, Co. H, 12th Ill. Cav.

H. C. Shuler, Sunset, Pa., wants the address of James O'Neil, Co. I, 12th O. V. I., a prisoner on Belle Isle.

W. O. Wilson, Chana, Ogle Co., Ill., wants the address of Dr. P. Gleonan, in charge of hospital at Washington.

A. B. Creamer, Mechanicsburg, O., wants the address of Wm. Hutchinson and Gates Brooks, ex prisoners of war.

Henry Middleton, Sheridan, Neb., wants the address of John Middleton, a saddler; supposed to be in California.

Peter Kyger, Jefferson, Clinton Co., Ind., wants the address of James Smart; last heard of near San Francisco.

Capt. C. E. Pectis, Garland, Warren Co., Pa., wishes to obtain the address of Drs. Rewalt and Koler, 21st Pa. Cav.

Henry Alexander, Covington, Miami Co., O., asks for information of any members of Mier's Expedition, Texan Rangers.

Hugh W. Walkinshaw, Corinda, Pane Co., Ia., desires the address of Lemuel Walkinshaw; when last heard of was at Hot Springs, Nev.

N. C. Burge, Park, Ind., requests the address of Francis E. Piquette and Walter R. Griswold, late surgeons of the 86th U. S. Colored Troops.

A. S. Corey, Plowboy, Shawnee Co., Kans., wants the address of Charles L. Corey, formerly of Worcester, Mass.; last heard of in New Jersey.

John Burke, Laramie City, W. T., wishes to learn the name and address of the surgeon of the 1st California or 71st Pennsylvania Volunteers, or the address of any officer of Co. I, of the latter regiment.

P. A. MacGahan, Toledo, O., wishes the address of the following officers and surgeons of the 11th Mich. Cav.: Capt. William H. Jordan, Lieut. Edmund B. Chamberlain, Lieut. George W. Cutler, and Surgeons L. C. Woodman, A. A. Thompson and C. A. Osborne.

Mrs. L. Kirschner, Liberty Center, Henry Co., O., wants the address of Dr. J. M. Evans, who was a member of Co. G, 69th O. V. I.; he also served as Assistant Surgeon. His address is of great importance, in securing a pension for a needy family.

N. W. Gibbs, Marion, Phillips County, Kans., wishes the address of the surgeon in charge of the regimental hospital of the 40th Ill. Inft., at Paducah, Ky., in November, 1861; also of the surgeon in charge of Ward D, Overton Hospital, Memphis, Tenn., during the months of November and December, 1862, and January and February, 1863; also of T. S. Bell, surgeon in charge of Louisville Hospital, No. 5, in April, 1862.

Information Furnished.

The address of F. A., the correspondent who said he had successfully used giant powder (or dynamite) in removing stumps is F. A. Warner, Box 95, South Saginaw, Mich. He will likely have his hands full answering inquiries, as the BLADE waste basket is full of postals on the subject.

Delayed Subscriptions.

It sometimes happens that persons order the BLADE mailed to them and fail to receive after a reasonable time has elapsed. Why this is will readily be seen from the following list of persons sending money for the BLADE and failing either to sign their names or give their address:

Letter containing $1.25, dated at Lolsening, Fayette Co., Pa., no name attached.

Will Philo Hayes, of Miles City, give his full postoffice address, and the matter in reference to check No. 785 will be looked up.

Letter containing 80 cents, signed by W. M. Barrow, P. M., to pay for BLADE for Reding Sutherland, no postoffice, County or State.

Will E. Hayes, P. M., give his full postoffice address and the non receipt of the papers by B. F. Slankard and J. Cowan will be looked into.

SUICIDE ALL FOR LOVE.

A Young Man Poisons Himself for a Girl of Fourteen.

Because his parents objected to the intimacy existing between him and Miss Nellie Stillwell, John Pidgeon, son of the well-known contractor, quitted his home, No. 156 Newell street, Green point, rather than give up companionship with her. The young man was 22 years old. The object of his affections had scarcely reached the age of 14 years. Last Saturday he visited the girl at her residence, a few doors from his father's home, and requested her to accompany him to Rockaway. She refused to go. This refusal annoyed him, and again he asked her, saying that if she persisted in her refusal he would spend the money he had for poison. To this remark the girl replied:

"No use spending the money; we have some rat poison there," looking toward the mantel-piece.

Going to the mantel piece he secured the drug and gave her another chance. She again refused and he swallowed the drug.

The girl alarmed her family, who at once acquainted Mr. Pidgeon's family physician of the act.

When removed to his home he asked that the girl Nellie be allowed to see him. This request the Stillwells say, was granted for a few times, but was refused the day before the boy died from the effects of the poison, which occurred last Monday evening.

A *Star* reporter called on the father of the suicide yesterday.

"Why did I object to his intimacy?" repeated the gentleman. "Well, the fact is, the Stillwells are rough people, and a well-brought up boy, like my son was, ought not to mate with such as they."

"Had religion anything to do with it?"

"Not at all."

The Stillwells were forbidden the house where the corpse lay. A reporter found Nellie a young girl of pleasing features, but only a child in appearance, and still in her short clothes. She wore a common calico frock, and was sobbing hysterically. She would not answer any questions. The case is the sensation of Greenpoint.

The Richmond (Va.) *State* writes: Ex-Mayor J. A. Gentry, Manchester, this State, was cured of rheumatism by St. Jacobs Oil.

Glied Her Lover's Rails.

Cumberland (Md.) Times.

A story comes to us from Bloomington, Allegheny County, Md., to the effect that a few days ago a freight engineer on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad had a "falling out" with his sweetheart, who lives at or near that place, and that the damsel in revenge oiled the rails on the track in front of her swain's train, which was struggling up the 17-mile grade. It is said to have taken the loco motive proper, the "helper" and several tons of sand to overcome the effects of the girl's strategem.

"Rough on Rats."

The thing desired found at last. Ask Druggists for Rough on Rats. It clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, bed-bugs. 15c boxes.

New York's First Senate Chamber.

In Kingston on the Hudson, is a low, long stone house, with a white cornice, on which is this inscription, "Senate of the State of New York, 1775." Upon a sign over one of the side doors this: "Col. Wessel Ten Broek, born at West Philadelphia, 1635, erected this stone house 1686, wherein the Senate of the State of New York was held in the year of the adoption of its first Constitution, 1777, continuing here until the burning of Kingston, Oct. 16, 1777."

WARRANTED the greatest pain reliever in the world, Dr. Tobias' Venetian Liniment. Thirty-four years established, and never failed to cure croup, spasms, colic, chronic rheumatism, old sores, and pain in the limbs, back and chest. Over 500 physicians recommend it, and 1,000 certificates can be seen at the depot, 44 Murray street. No one has once tried it but continues to use it and recommend it to their friends. Ladies will find this Liniment will immediately eradicate Pimples, Freckles and Blotches. Also restores Gray Hair to its natural color, and is perfectly harmless. 25 and 50 cents per bottle. Sold by the druggists

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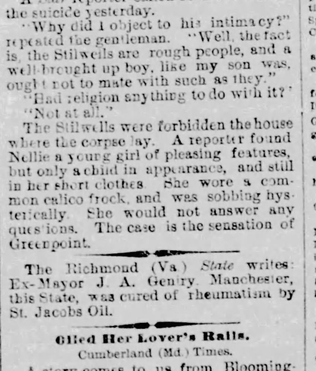

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It is not a patent medicine. It is the result of his own experience in practice. They are a SURE CURE for the following special diseases, and are worthy of a trial by all intelligent sufferers. They are prepared expressly to cure sick headache, nervous headache, dyspeptic headache, neuralgia, paralysis, sleeplessness, dyspepsia and nervousness, and WILL CURE any case.

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ECZEMA, TETTERS, HUMORS, INFLAMMATION, MILK CRUST, ALL ROUGH SCALY ERUPTIONS, DISEASES OF HAIR AND SCALP, SCROFULA ULCERS, PIMPLES and TENDER ITCHINGS on all parts of the body. It makes the skin white, soft and smooth, removes tan and freckles, and is the BEST toilet dressing in THE WORLD. Elegantly put up, two bottles in one package, containing both internal and external treatment.
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It will cure entirely the worst forms of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.
It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.
It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.
That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.
It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.
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No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.
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THE WEEKLY BLADE.

TOLEDO BLADE CO., Pub'rs

D. R. LOCKE, Editor.

JOHN McELROY, Associate Editor.

TOLEDO, O., THURSDAY, SEPT. 1.

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NASBY IN EUROPE.

On July 16th, Mr. D. R. LOCKE, (Rev. Petroleum V. Nasby) will sail for Europe for the purpose of contributing a series of letters to the TOLEDO BLADE. These letters will cover a period of six months, commencing in June.

They will be written in Mr. Nasby's peculiar vein, and will be as lively as he can make them. The TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE is the LARGEST Political and Family paper in the United States, and in addition to this feature, contains a dozen others known to and approved by a majority of the families in every State and Territory.

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in the size and style similar to the one of President Garfield which we issued last Summer. This portrait in the picture stores would sell for 50c. It will not be put upon the market at all, and can only be had by subscribers to THE BLADE.

Those desiring these letters complete and the portrait will do well to send their orders early. We shall print an extra edition, to be able to send back numbers, but the supply will doubtless be exhausted in a month. Send your orders immediately.

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Circulation this Week, 83,000

MR. LOCKE'S LETTER.

This week Mr. LOCKE begins telling us about Paris, and he makes a very interesting contrast between that City and London, which is certainly not to the advantage of the latter City. It is a most interesting thing to have these two great capitals of the world compared, and their differences pointed out by an able and impartial observer, who looks upon them with keen eyes that prejudice has not biased. Mr. LOCKE has not written anything better than the letter which we present this week, and we confidently await the flattering commendations which we know it will receive from readers and the press.

BOSTON CORBETT wants a pension. He richly deserves it.

Now, if you *will* gamble in stocks, be a bear—sell short, for a tumble is at hand.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S annual income is $2,000,000, one half of which she saves to add to her principal.

THE last comet which made its appearance is rapidly fading away and will soon be seen no more in the evening sky.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA wants to secede and form a State by itself. A Convention is called to consider the question.

A BEGGAR in the streets of Prague claims that he was born in 1767, and is, therefore, the oldest man in the world.

BODIES of people drowned in Lake Tahoe never rise to the surface, the water being so cold as to prevent the formation of gases.

THE French Premiership will probably fall into the hands of GAMBETTA at the end of the year when the new Chamber of Deputies assembles.

EVERY reader of the BLADE should have the "Nasby Pamphlets." We mail them postpaid, three different titles, for 30 cents. See announcement on next page.

THE whisky product of the United States for last year was 2,040,000 barrels. By calculation that would give 81 drinks to every man, woman and child of the population.

CERTIFICATES to the amount of $125,000 in Government bonds have been placed in the hands of Mrs GARFIELD, as a part of the subscribed fund of $350,000 which Mr. FIELD started.

THE total number of newspapers and periodicals in Japan is not less than 250. While there have been no great changes in the press law, the Government allows editors to speak their minds much after American fashion.

THERE are in every community persons who can make money in canvassing for the sale of books. The books announced on the next page, "Andersonville" and "Old Dr. Carlin's Recipes," are the best selling books ever offered, and hundreds of agents are canvassing with great success. We are ourselves surprised at the success of "Old Dr. Carlin's Recipes," and the delivery for September will exceed the delivery of any book known to us, except the first delivery of "Andersonville." We advise agents to secure territory for both these books at once, as next month will yield a harvest to canvassers. See announcement on next page.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

THE week has been one of intense anxiety in regard to the President. At the time of going to press last week it was regarded as reasonably certain that the President would die before the week was out, and his symptoms became graver from day to day, until on Friday his death was hourly anticipated. It did not seem possible that he could live for more than a day. But on Saturday the aspect of the case became one of less immediate urgency, and on Sunday and Monday there was such an improvement as gave the attendant physicians reason for hope, and this continues up to this time. There is yet a chance—a very slender one, it is true, but still a chance—that the President may recover. He is upon the verge of the grave, it is true, but thousands of men now living in health and usefulness, have been quite as near the tomb. The favorable changes in his symptoms may be summarized thus:

1. The wound looks better. Its appearance during the period of greatest depression was discouraging.

2. The stomach is doing its work fairly well. It is not crowded with solid food, but disposes of the meat juices and other liquids; and the tongue and skin look well.

3. The violence of the swelling in the neck has evidently subsided, because the President's head is clear; and it was the reappearance of the mind that helped the body.

4. His voice has become more natural, and he shows an interest in things that indicates an improvement in the tone of his mind.

None of these, nor all of them together, are sufficient to base even hope upon. They are only enough to keep us from giving away to complete despair.

THE intelligence of the President's desperate situation re-awakened threats of lynching GUITEAU, and there seemed to be some foundation for rumors of the organization of regular bands of men, who were determined to take the miscreant from the jail, and subject him to fearful torture. The authorities at Washington took ample precaution to avert the disgrace to the country that would follow the lynching of a State prisoner in the capital of the Nation. Over 1,000 regular infantry, with four Gatling guns are stationed around and in easy reach of the jail, and these can be reinforced with the marines, and the militia of the District, if necessary, so that mobbing may be considered entirely out of the question.

LAST Saturday witnessed the closing of the session of English Parliament, a session which has not been as prolific as it should have been of good works. It is true the Land Bill was passed, but in a lame condition, that reflects illy upon Mr. GLADSTONE and the House of Lords. It is unfortunate that the Premier did not force the Lords to a just consideration of the claims of Ireland, or by an open opposition to its passage, place itself against the wishes of the majority of the English people. The Queen's speech did not express the fullest satisfaction with the work of Parliament. Other reports from Great Britain are full of stories of bad harvests caused by the rains and the consequent distress of the farming community.

THERE is a chance of some difficulty between France and England about their respective rights in Newfoundland. The French have been committing outrages upon the English fishermen on what is termed the French shore of the island, and this, with the refusal of the commander of a French frigate to recognize the authority of the Custom House official appointed by the local government, has brought the troubles to a climax, and been the occasion of a sharp controversy between the French and English Cabinets.

SWITZERLAND has been considered as a sort of refuge for Nihilists who were obliged to flee from Russia, but it is ceasing to be so. Last week Prince KROPOTKIN, who escaped from a St. Petersburg prison some four years ago, and has since been writing for a Revolutionist paper in Geneva, was expelled by a decree of the Federal Council, and last Saturday the police refused to allow a meeting which had been called at Berne to protest against his expulsion.

CAPITALISTS are hedging about in fear of a panic which is to burst upon the country next month, and strong conservatism is manifesting itself in all directions. Many attribute this to the condition of the President, which is not correct, though it may serve as an excuse. Business nor capital has the least reason to fear anything from any contingencies resulting from the President's death. Such a disaster can not have the slightest commercial significance. Capital is becoming timid simply because all farseeing men realize that there must be an extensive break in the stock market, and there is no telling what else may be involved. But in this instance, as in almost all others, capital is over-timid. The panic of this year will not extend outside of the operatives of Wall street, because nowhere else is business in an unhealthy state. Panics are always the result of unsoundness, and where there is no unsoundness there can be no panics. Everywhere else but in stocks capital judiciously invested will bring a good return. Invested in good stocks it makes a tolerable return, but the prices now ruling are undoubtedly much higher than they will be at the end of September, and the man who wants to put his money into that species of property had better wait till lower prices rule.

A NEW ORLEANS paper groans over the growth of weeds, which, it says, in two weeks have sprung up waist high in the gutters of an up-town street. This has stopped the flow of water and caused a stagnant pond, which is decidedly and unpleasantly odorous.

THE question the stock gamblers in New York are anxiously putting to themselves is, whether this inflowing tide of bullion can be made to replace the outflow of currency to the West to move the crops.

THE official majority against Prohibition in North Carolina is 116,156. They seem to hate Temperance there about as badly as Ohio people hated Vallandighamism in 1863.

THE son of a New York millionaire the other day wedded the daughter of a country shoemaker, and the fashionable world is thrown into convulsions thereat.

WHAT SHALL BE DONE WITH GUITEAU?

The question of what shall be done with GUITEAU after the President's death is one that few people can debate at any length with calmness. It is hard for any one to do so who thinks at all upon the wide-spread sorrow, the intense grief, the destruction of a highly-prized life, the shame cast upon the American name, and the long train of bad consequences which have resulted from the senseless crime of a worthless rascal. One naturally feels that no punishment that human ingenuity can suggest would be severe enough for such a villain, and there is a great deal of excited talk about superseding the action of the regular courts by that of Judge LYNCH.

No intelligent man should countenance this talk for one instant. There are unquestionably times when the ordinary course of law seems wholly inadequate to deal with crime, and there is some thing wonderfully effective in the spectacle of a community rising in a fiery tempest of wrath, which seems literally to devour the offenders with its hot breath, but this is pre-eminently not one of them. Never in the whole course of our National life has it been more necessary to act with calmness and dignity before the world than in the treatment of this novel incident in our history. The eyes of all Nations are upon us, and it is specially incumbent that we give them such a spectacle as will enhance our reputation as a people devoted to the supremacy of law and good order in all things.

There is abundance of reason outside of the purely legal ones, which are in themselves more than sufficient, why GUITEAU's case should be made in no way an exception to the course of justice.

In the first place, the civilization of today has effectually eliminated the principle of vengeance from all legal punishment. Punishments are inflicted, not to make the criminal suffer for what he has done, but to deter others from imitating his example. An English Judge once stated this happily to a culprit, who complained that it was terrible hard that he should be hanged for stealing a horse.

"You are not to be hanged for having stolen a horse," replied the Judge, "but that horses may not be stolen."

Any attempt to inflict severe and unusual punishment, any parade of the suffering that the criminal is made to undergo, will defeat its own object. Russia has done nothing of late years so creditable to her in the eyes of the world as the manner in which she executed the assassins of the Czar. There was none of the terrible preliminary tortures such as might have been expected from that imperfectly civilized people, but the condemned were taken to the scaffold and hanged, the same as if convicted of killing and robbing some poor peasant.

GUITEAU's case should be treated in the same way. He should be given an ordinary trial in open court, with every effort made to prevent sensational features of any kind being introduced. When sentenced, he should be executed as quietly and privately as the law permits, with as little said about it as possible. Everything done to make the case an unusual one tends to give GUITEAU that heroic aspect that was one of the main motives to his crime, and will be an encouragement in the future to every other similarly minded villain who is insanely bent on achieving notoriety.

Above all, in the day when the Nation shall be bowed down with bitterness of overwhelming grief, when the sense of its irreparable loss shall bear heavily upon it, when every heart between the two oceans will bleed at the thought of the country's loss, it will be unseemly and grating to every sensibility to have attention called in any marked way to the wretched cause of all this woe. Decency and good taste will require that he be removed forever from public sight and knowledge with as little show or attracting of attention as is made in removing any other mass of vileness to where it will no longer offend the senses.

THE REASON WHY.

Through testimony in a law suit lately, it was found that there are minstrel performers in the country who have $6,000 worth of diamonds and earn $250 a week, while performers of parts in SHAKSPERE can hardly make enough to keep soul and body together. At first thought this might seem to show that the public taste was rapidly detereorating, but in point of fact it simply shows two things. One is that the minstrel performers do what they undertake in the very best manner possible. There is art even in blacking the face so as to look as it should. Too many of the SHAKESPERIAN actors simply spout, there being neither rhyme nor reason in their rendering of the parts. The general public has little interest in the plot of a play referring to times and customs long since passed away, no matter how much of universal truth is therein contained, unless the perfection of the acting is such as to attract and hold by its fascination.

Another thing is the desire of everybody to be amused. This has seemed to grow and strengthen since the war when each day was a tragedy in itself. SHAKSPERE's tragedies are what are usually chosen for representation, and the finer the acting, the more vivid and terrible the impression. To laugh has become a necessity to the American people with their nervous temperament, and the oftener and heartier this is done, the better. This it is which makes the knights of the burnt cork, who study to do their work as well as it can be done, and who turn the ludicrous side of everything to the public gaze, so popular, and gives them a pay seemingly so far beyond their deserts.

A THOROUGH examination by an English Government Commission into the steerage accommodations of ocean steamers have proved Miss O'BRIEN's charges unfounded. It is a good thing, however, that the examination has been made. Too watchful care over these things is impossible.

MR. ARTHUR's friends do well in energetically denying the story that there has been a "Stalwart" conference with reference to his accession to the Presidency. The situation is entirely too delicate to have any political manuvering upon it.

DEAN STANLEY died worth well towards a half million dollars. Pretty well for a minister. They do not give the profession such chances as that in this country.

A NEW IDEA OF HEAVEN.

Everybody has his own ideas about heaven. The more common conception, and the one which is fostered by the bulk of our religious literature, is of a place rather over-ornamented with fine gold and jewels of a superior class, and containing "an unequaled aggregation of highly talented harp *virtuosi*."

Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths never end.

'T seems taken for granted that a first class free concert, with abundance of leisure to listen to it in the midst of opulent surroundings, will content the mass of people through eternity. Maj. DANIEL, the Bourbon candidate for Governor of Virginia, appears to have somewhat modified views of the condition of things in that home of "eternal bliss," for he said in recent speech, "The Confederate money, dishonored and rejected though it be on earth, is honored and current in heaven."

This conception of heaven as a depository for "broken bank notes and all sorts of uncurrent money," as the signs on the streets used to read in the "good old days" of Democratic supremacy, is a daring flight of fancy, even for a Virginia orator. Majah DANIEL will confer an immediate favor by explaining at once how the "angels ever pure and bright," and who have hitherto been used to having everything on a gold basis, came to take up with the filthy, badly printed "gray backs," which were unendurable, even to as coarse clayed men as the Rebels were. If they had neither the ingenuity or the facilities to develop a currency of their own, they should have exercised the fine judgment they are commonly credited with, and selected from the variety offered their choice, something else than the vilest shinplasters known to man since the days of the French *assignats*. Then how did they come into possession of them? It is true that a multitude of holders of large amounts of "Confederate currency" have gone hence in the last few years, but it is generally understood that they took none of their hoard with them, from a well grounded fear that the paper would not stand the elevated temperature of their future abode.

An anxious world demands from Majah DANIELS an immediate instalment for further information on this subject. If he knows that Confederate currency circulates as freely in the celestial world as greenbacks do in this, his knowledge of other things in that sphere is much more extensive and exact than that possessed by our clerical teachers. This is a matter of the highest importance. The mass of our people expect in the course of a few years to leave this world for another. A large majority of them have selected heaven as the place to which they will emigrate, and are preparing themselves for the society of that region. But if they become sure that Confederate currency is the favorite medium of exchange there, many of them will alter their destination. It does not indicate the kind of society into which a man desires to take his family.

The Rebel notes never knew a Redeemer, and those most interested in them are in a similarly hopeless condition. It is evident that neither of them are compatible with the elements of the best society. The gallant Major will please explain farther.

COTTON PRODUCTION.

One of the features of the approaching Atlanta cotton exhibition will be the manufacture of a suit of clothes from raw cotton in 24 hours. This, at first glance, seems an impossible feat to accomplish, but there is no doubt but that it will be done and it only goes to show the great improvement in machinery and methods of working within the last few years. It shows also that the South is able to do something else than simply to raise the cotton and then send it away to be manufactured, which was not the case a comparatively short time ago. In fact the day seems to be fast approaching when Atlanta will be a manufacturing center of the South of great importance.

The approaching exhibition has called attention to cotton production in the Southern States and its great increase within the last 10 or 12 years, during which period it has nearly doubled. The increase has been gradual since the war, and the crops exceeds anything ever known in the country. The largest ever gathered before 1861 was that of 1859 which reached 4,800,000 bales. In 1879 statistical reports show that it was 5,737,257 bales of 475 pounds each, and last year's yield will count over 6,000,000 bales.

Of the Southern States, Mississippi leads in amount raised, not on account of the great extent planted nor that its population is larger, but simply because of its exceeding fertility. Georgia comes next by virtue of the enterprise and intelligence of its people, and the superior methods of cultivation employed, while Texas ranks third, in spite of its small population and its unsettled government. This State seems to rival in its productiveness of cotton the great belt running through the northern part of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi and the Southern part of Arkansas—a belt which has been called the most prolific of this product of any land in the world.

There is little doubt but this will be the great staple of the Southern States in the future as in the past, with the change, as said before, of manufacturing much of it at home instead of sending it all away in its raw condition. Should, however, the state of society alter so as to draw immigration thither, advantage will certainly be taken of the great fruit producing capabilities of many portions, a thing which outside of the orange groves has hitherto attracted but little attention.

Now are the times that trys the souls of those afflicted with hay faver. Dr. BEARD, of New York, after a long study of the subject, concludes that it is a product of modern civilization, being found in all civilized countries. The only American communities which are not troubled by it are those living in the cold, mountainous regions in the West and Northwest.

THE proclamation of the Irish Convention of an intention to blow up English ships with dynamite in order to destroy British commerce will not be likely to advance the cause of the Green Isle in the eyes of the world.

METEOROLOGISTS predict a mild Winter. This information would be more agreeable when the memory of the hideously hot Summer has had time to fade away.

BREACH OF PROMISE LITERATURE.

Of all the men upon whom the sun ever shone, SOLOMON is the only one of whom it is generally believed that he "knew it all." He had a Websterian intellect, which comprehended all human knowledge, and "sent his name howling down the ringing aisles of Time" as a synonym in all ages for the highest attainable mortal wisdom. Jew, Caristian and Mahometan all revere him as the man of all others who knew most of the World and humanity. Yet, at the close of his marvelous Book of Proverbs, he sadly confesses:

There be three things which are too wonderful for me, yea, four which I know not:
The way of an eagle in the air; the way of a serpent upon a rock; the way of a ship in the midst of the sea; and the way of a man with a maid.

IF SOLOMON had to admit this impossibility of comprehending the "way of a man with a maid," at the maturity of his years and after the instructive and varied experience he must have had with his 700 wives and 300 concubines, besides the "many strange women whom he loved, together with the daughter of PHARAOH, women of the Moabites, Ammonites, Edomites, Zidonians, and Hittites," how hopeless the task must be to those who have had nothing like his opportunities for acquiring information.

Undoubtedly it is this perpetually unsolvable mystery shrouding the billing and cooing of each individual pair of lovers which gives such an unfailing interest to breach of promises cases. The revelations made there are, in fact, the only means of obtaining extensive and accurate information upon this interesting topic. Of course, every man and woman who has arrived at the age of thought and reflection, has had more or less personal experience in such matters, but going through courtship is like going through a battle: those most actively engaged know the least of the affair. They know that the result was reached with a vast deal of excitement and exertion, and an infinity of racking hopes and fears, but that is all; and it is a performance at which spectators are not allowed.

What few memories of their courtship still remain unobliterated in the minds of middle-aged people by the worry of caring for a family of children, or providing the daily bread and butter, are not cherished. They are rather regarded as unpleasant reminiscences of their capacity in their young and callow days, to make eggregious fools of themselves on very slight provocation, and which they are quite sure they would not do if they had it all to go through with again, forgetting that there is nothing quite so ridiculous as the spectacle made by some of their sensible, staid, middle-aged friends, who are having an attack of love-making in the meridian of life.

It is by all these, by those who have passed the usual mating period that the breach-of-promise case is devoured with a zest that the best works of fiction can not arouse.

All England is devouring one of these expositions of the way of a man with a maid to which the proceedings of a court give such a magic lantern distinctness and vividness of detail. It is an action at the Warwickshire Assizes for breach of promise to marry, brought by Miss KATE LAMB, a young lady possessing a small independence, residing at Devonshire Lodge, York-gate, Regent's Park, London, against the Rev. ARTHUR GEORGE FRYER, B A., Curate of All Saints' Church, Leamington. The plaintiff is a good looking lady between 30 and 40. The defendant is about 30. The tale as tearfully told by the fair plaintiff is that the defendant won her mature affections some time in the year 1879, the first thing that thawed the ice of her maidenly reserve being his kindness to her mother, who afterward sickened and died, whereupon the defendant preached her funeral sermon.

They seem to have both been persons of well-bridled passions, for she says that she at length "gained the impression that he was quite fond of me." The further progress of the wooing is thus detailed by the lady:

He further said, "Are you ready and willing to give up many things for me, such as dancing, going to races, and hunting?" I told him I was ready and willing to give up everything and do anything for him. He said: "Are you willing to wait any length of time for me? Because I do not wish to be married as a curate." I said I was. He then placed his signet-ring upon my finger. I asked him if he knew the difference of age between us? He replied, "Yes, of course I do." I said, "Have you looked in the parish register?" He answered "Yes, I know the ages of all the young ladies in Andover." [Laughter.] I asked his age. He said, "I cannot say exactly. I am not sure whether it is 27, 28 or 29, but I will call myself 29, and then we shall be nearer of an age." [Laughter.]

The courtship went on in this seemly decorous way. It is apparent that both are very "quiet" folks. In fact he seems to have carried his quietness to an extent that appeared even to her incompatible with the ardor of an engaged lover, for she complains that he never kissed her, but once when he was putting on her skates, she took advantage of his helpless situation, and "stole a kiss," and another time she got the advantage of him again, and "threw my arms around his neck and kissed him." But when she was writing to him he could not resent these unseemly familiarities, and then she frequently sent him "heaps of kisses."

When, however, the young man got a pen in his hand then it was that he roused himself to action. The plaintiff laid before the astonished Court 900 letters written by the defendant to her. Each of these was a yard-and-a-half long, and the plaintiff's lawyers informed the Court that "if arrainged in single sheets they would cover about two miles and three quarters."

Fortunately for the integrity of the Court's mind, only 40 or 50 of those screeds were read. Their literary style can be judged by the following sample of "poetry:"

"Oh, Fidget, my dear,
The socks I declare,
Are just my little foot's size;
Not too large or too small,
But, taken in all,
An agreeable and kindly surprise."

The defendant's letters began to decrease in volume last April, and then he crushed her sweet heart cruelly by refusing to send her his sermons to read. He finally declined to carry out his engagement, whereupon the poor girl had recourse to the law, and sued him for $15,000 damages. The jury awarded her $5,000.

ONE of the most absurd things yet put forward is a communication to the New York *Tribune* in which the writer says that a combination of fortune tellers formed a pool, foretold the shooting of the President and then hired GUITEAU to fulfil the prophecy. Where is the fool killer?

THE BEER QUESTION.

It will be remembered that the Moderation Society of New York addressed a series of formal questions to the brewers of that City, the gist of which was as to whether they used anything as a substitute for pure barley-malt in their brewing, and whether they were willing to submit their breweries and methods to a thorough inspection by a committee which the Society should appoint. Several of the brewers have replied that they used nothing but pure barley malt, while 71 have answered frankly that they make use of corn meal, corn starch, rice grape-sugar and glucose, and they claim that these are exactly as wholesome ingredients as that which they supplant. They offer to allow the Society, or any one delegated by it, to make the fullest investigation, and to submit to chemical analysis whenever desired.

We think the claim made by the 71 is well-founded. There is no question but that corn, in one shape or another, or rice, or grape sugar, is just as wholesome a basis for beer as barley, and it is boldly asserted that a corn beer cannot be detected even by an expert from a barley-beer. The harm done by beer drinking has no reference to the ingredients from which the beer is brewed,—it is the beer itself. It is the tablespoonful of alcohol, in a solution of semi rotten starch that makes the glass of beer what it is. The variety of grain from which the alcohol and starch is derived is of no consequence. One kind is just as healthful, and just as unhealthful, as another, and no more or less so.

The brewers have established a good precedent in offering to open their establishments to thorough inspection. We do not believe that there will be any thing discovered by such inspection and the analyses that will appear to the discredit of the methods of manufacture, for the large breweries are as a rule as clean as it is possible to make them. We hope that the Society will make the inspection, and that then this will be accepted as the basis for a system of inspection for all establishments where human food or drink is prepared. Cheese factories, bakeries, canned goods factories, etc., need inspection quite as much as the breweries. And the investigations could be extended with great propriety to the places where food and drink are retailed. Restaurants, groceries, butcher shops, saloons, etc., offer a rich field for inspection. If the Society only intends to confine itself to beer, let it take a look into the nauseous slop tub, which sits under the bar of a beer-saloon, and into which the glasses are plunged under the pretense of washing them. It will probably find in a large part of the saloons this to be a viler receptacle than exists outside of the common sewer. Into it go the mouth-drippings of some thousands of customers per diem. It becomes too dirty for the use of a man with average ideas of cleanliness with the washing of the first batch of glasses in the morning, but nevertheless it does duty all day, and every man who is served with a glass of beer gets some of the filth communicated to it by all who have drunk before him. The Society can do a noble work for cleanliness and health, by insisting that all glasses shall be washed in sight of the customers, and in a stream of flowing water that will carry each man's filth away so that his successor will not be compelled to partake of it.

"NASBY'S STRUGGLES" ALMOST GONE.

The reading public are very quick to appreciate the BLADE's cheap book offers, and whenever our special announcements appear, as in case of "Nasby's Struggles" or "Bible Biography," a very large stock of books lasts us but a short time. At the first announcement of "Nasby's Struggles" we had on hand many thousand copies. While it was a very large high priced subscription book and the retail price was three dollars we decided to offer it postpaid by mail to the readers of the BLADE at the low price of $1.25. The result was wonderful. Orders came to us from every quarter of the United States at the rate of from 25 to 50 per day, (during the last 30 days we have sold over 600 copies) until now we have on hand less than 100 copies, which we estimate will last us but two weeks longer. We must therefore give notice to all who wish a copy of this book to order *immediately*, as this is probably the last announcement.

The Bible Biography is going just as fast, and equally as cheap (the price being the same), but as it has not been announced as long as the Nasby book, we still have a fair stock of them on hand. We would, however, advise early orders, as the book will not be duplicated after the present edition is exhausted. Next to the Family Bible, no family should be without the "Bible Biography."

The edition of the revised New Testament which we are mailing at $1, has met with universal favor, and our stock is getting low. Do not fail to secure a copy before the announcement is withdrawn.

A NEW YORK State paper offers the suggestion that instead of hanging murderers they should, in the interest of medical science, be handed over to the most eminent physicians of the country to be experimented upon, with a view to solving some of the problems of the day. It might be wise and humane, the writer thinks, to pardon the criminal under certain circumstances. For instance, if one was drowned until pronounced dead by the experimenters and then brought to life again, let him live. Or if they had caused him to be bitten by an unmistakeably mad dog, or poisoned, or inoculated with a violently contagious disease, and then he recovered, while a sure remedy was discovered, he should then be fully pardoned. Whatever else might be thought of this way of doing things, it would be pretty sure to act as a wholesome check on crime. Pity it could not be applied to GUITEAU's case. Hydrophobia would be about his measure.

NOTHING indicates the economical habits of the continental Europeans so well as the size of the monetary punishments inflicted upon them for violation of the law. A fine of 20 francs ($3.63) seems to be of much more importance in a French court than one of that many dollars is with us, while one of 100 francs ($18.75), is a crushing infliction. The other day the Canton of Schwyz, in Switzerland, punished an editor who had written an article hostile to some its State Rights claims, by imposing a fine of 50 francs, and an imprisonment of six days. The editor made his escape across across the border and proposes to contest the matter.

CONTINUOUS rains throughout England and Ireland have caused great damage to the crops, while some of those which are cut have begun to sprout.

WHY TIP TO THE LEFT?

The Photographers' Convention held this week in New York has been disturbed over a question of importance, considered in reference to their work. It is, perhaps, of importance to the people in general, since if answered, it may throw light upon some of the agitated problems of the day. The question is why everybody's nose tips, the men's to the right and the women's to the left. It seems that in the course of long years of experience in taking impressions of faces they have discovered this to be the case and it must mean something.

This may be an anatomical vagary peculiar to this country, and if the direction of the tip was the same in both sexes, it might be set down as the result of the spirit of independence fostered by republican institutions, which has become so strong as to express itself in a form that renders this nation different from any other upon the face of the globe. But against this view militates the fact that the noses of men tip one way, and those of the women tip another unless it is conceded that in the development of this independence the sexes are arraying themselves against each other.

Right here is the alarming part of the thing. Photographers may argue the question of why noses tip at all, but the rest of the people are more interested to know *why* the difference in direction. The answer—if it could be answered—might give the key to so many domestic tragedies, to the increase in the number of divorces, and to the greater self assertion generally of the feminine part of creation.

It is possible that the difference of the direction of the "tip" on the part of women is due to the growth of women's rights. With the inclination to tip which the photographers declare universal in the United States, the determination to put down tyrant man may have come to be expressed in this way. Here is something for the opponents of the cause to think of and grieve over. For if this spirit in women has gone so far as to make a permanent impression upon the anatomy of their faces, what misery has not the future in store for man? It is time to sound anew the bugle note of opposition to the cause and see if the feminine nasal appendage cannot be made to tip submissively in the direction that man's has taken. Otherwise this is a ruined nation.

There is one objection to this view of the case. As far as can be ascertained neither SUSAN B. ANTHONY'S nose nor that of Mrs. STANTON tips more to the left than the society belle's. How can that be explained? And why the tip at all? The whole thing is a conundrum, which we leave the perplexed photographers to deliberate over.

WISE DECISION.

A Judge in Providence, R. I., before whom the SPRAGUE divorce case is to be tried this Fall has given notice that in case there is any evidence of an indecent nature to be given he will hear it in private, and thus prevent the corrupting influence which such details have upon the young all over the land. That he will succeed in keeping it out of public print is not probable so long as the American reporter exists, but he may do something in that direction for which he should have the thanks of the community.

The good sense of the better part of the reading public will prompt gratitude but a large class much larger than can be realized, will simply be disappointed that their curiosity is not to be fully satisfied. Papers are called sensational and unfit for perusal which publish such prurient details, but the fact remains that these journals are the ones sought after with avidity and sold in the greatest numbers. Respectable church members will buy them on the sly; everybody else openly, while the papers equally as enterprising in all other respects, but which has kept out of its columns things that should never for decency's sake see the light, will languish in comparative obscurity. The one will be pronounced newsy; the other, slow.

"'Tis true, 'tis pity; and pity 'tis, 'tis true."

The judge above mentioned is well aware of this state of matters. He well knows that the SPRAGUE affair, from the notoriety acquired and the position occupied for years by the principals, will excite the greatest interest in the public, and also that there may be details in the trial calculated simply to stimulate and satisfy a morbid curiosity for what can only degrade the standard of morality. He is right, therefore, in his determination to suppress as far as possible all that the public should know.

It is not only the young, however, who are deteriorated by such affairs as the BEECHER-TILTON, which opened such a flood-gate of filth upon the country. It is certain that no one can handle soot without becoming black, and the result must be a general lowering of the morals of the whole people. The effect may not be immediately visible; perhaps none can directly trace them back to the cause, but the fact has been always admitted that familiarity with vice diminishes the horror of the purest minded when regarding it. The well-known lines of POPE are no less true to day than when written.

THE REVISED NEW TESTAMENT.

We announce on the next page an edition of the Revised New Testament which we have selected to furnish our readers at the very low price of $1.00, postpaid by mail. This is the very best edition for the money yet published, and every family should have a copy in their possession. We have already sold an enormous number of these books, and the demand is still as great as at the first announcement. Not a single instance of dissatisfaction has come to our notice. We trust all who have not ordered will do so soon, as this announcement will soon have to give place to something else. We have a few Morocco bound copies at $1.50.

THERE is a grave suspicion that WM. H. VANDERBILT has Presidential aspirations. There is evidently something under the steady stream of biographies and portraits of the son of his father which fill the newspaper columns. It will probably, however, be many centuries before the United States gets in the habit of electing such men to the Presidency.

WE hate to mention it, because it seems like an irresistible encouragement to wrong-doers, but the truth of history requires it to be said that W. L. SCOTT, the millionaire of Erie, Pa., began business as a coal weigher, and laid the foundation of his five millions in the difference that exists between 1,500 pounds and a ton.

THE "hot corn" season is well under way in New York.

CURRENT EVENTS.

When all hope of the President's recovery seemed to be abandoned Saturday, there was great excitement in Washington, and threats of lynching Guiteau were freely made. Extensive preparations were immediately made at the jail to resist all mob violence, and had an attack been made there is no doubt there would have been much bloodshed. Fortunately the crisis passed without a conflict.——The canvass for the Iowa Senatorship is becoming very animated. All the candidates are sanguine, but it is said that J. F. Wilson's prospects are brightest.——Capt. Payne, the Oklahoma crank, announces that his party will move into the forbidden territory in October, at all hazards. They will likely encounter a body of troops if they make such an attempt, and be sent back in a hurry.——The mysterious death of Jennie Cramer, the New Haven beauty, continues to excite public interest. It is thought that Blanche Douglass, who turned State's evidence, has not divulged all she knows about the girl's fate, and that she is still anxious to shield the Malley boys, notwithstanding her declaration to the contrary. The Malley boys are in jail, the authorities refusing bail until the investigation is completed.——It is startling, if true, as reported by Maj. Bayhard, that the Mississippi is cutting a new channel for itself from the mouth of Red River, through the Atchafalaya to the Gulf. Should this occur, New Orleans would be left on a shallow side branch of the Father of Waters. There is enough of possibility in the story and the results which it sets forth to justify uneasiness and suggest preventive measures.——Sitting Bull and 184 of his band are still located near Fort Yates, and a guard is regularly detailed for duty at his camp.——S. S. Morrison, sr., who founded the famous plow works at Fort Madison, Iowa, was buried Sunday.——It is believed that the late George W. Riggs, the Washington banker, left a large sum of money, perhaps $2,000,000, to found a charitable institution.——Lieut. Shoemaker, of the Fourth United States Cavalry, has arrived at Fort Smith, his company being encamped across the river in the Choctaw Nation. He reports that the white intruders are leaving peaceably, but he experiences great difficulty in determining the rights of those negros who were held as slaves by the Indians before the war.——Mr. John Weber, of the London *Times*, will attend the banner of the Aztec Club, at Philadelphia, September 14th. Gens. Grant, Sherman, Hancock, Beauregard, and J. E. Johnston will be among the guests. For a few days thereafter Mr. Walter will visit Mr. G. W. Childs, at Woolton. He will then go to Niagara, and will spend the rest of his six weeks of vacation in a Western journey.——The Duke of Sutherland has organized a company of English capitalists, with a capital of £2,500,000, and the institution has effected the purchase, for an English colony, of 60 square miles of land on the line of the St. Paul & Omaha Railway, about 60 miles East of Sioux City, the purchase price having been $168,000, or about $4.50 per acre.——The fourth annual reunion of the soldiers and sailors of Illinois at Bloomington, on the 7th, 8th and 9th of September, promises to be a very interesting affair. That City is spending $2,500 in the way of preparations.——Gen. E. F. Noyes, late Minister to France, will arrive at his home in Cincinnati, on Monday next, the 5th of September, when he will be tendered a public reception.——It is rumored that several well-known merchants and bankers of New York are mixed up with Capt. Howgate in the matter of his alleged embezzlement to the amount of something like $40,000.——Extensive preparations are being made at Chattanooga for the coming reunion, commencing September 21st, when the blue and the gray will fraternize. Round trip tickets will be sold from Cincinnati, Louisville and other points for $10. It is suggested by the Local Committee that where practicable, arrangements should be made for camping out or passing the night in the cars, as the crowd is expected to be so large that house room cannot be obtained for all. The reunion lasts two days.——The new line of the Canada Southern, from St. Thomas to Toronto, known as the Credit Valley Railroad, will be opened for business this week.——The Banks of England, France and Belgium have advanced their rates of discount to prevent gold coming to America. Holland and Germany are expected to follow.——The outlook for New Mexico seems brilliant. New settlers are daily crowding into her fields and mines; nor

Correspondence.

LETTER FROM BUCKEYE.

Ocean Grove—The Camp Meeting—Long Branch—A Book from a Southern Clergyman About "Our Brother in Black."

Correspondence of the Toledo Blade:

OCEAN GROVE, N. J., Aug. 26, '81.

We are now near the close of the camp meeting season which occupies 10 days. During this meeting (or series of meetings) the crowd is always greater than in any other part of the season; but the same admirable order prevails and the word *crowd* is not to be taken as indicating anything more than a simple increase of numbers. There is no fast driving, no gathering along the carriage ways, and nothing unusual except the unusual number of trains on the railroad, and the unusual number of trunks finding their way to the cottages. There has been preaching three times each day to audiences of five or six thousand people, and other meetings, in side buildings, called tabernacles, temples and tents, from 6 o'clock in the morning till 10 o'clock at night. They have all been well attended, and a very tender feeling seems to pervade the various assemblies. Everything is as orderly as the services of a church, and the impression is general that the meeting has been very successful and will be the means of adding many members to the various churches.

But you need not understand that these meetings suspend the recreations of those who have come here merely for pleasure. On the other hand the bathing, and boating, and crabbing go on as usual, the rides to Spring Lake, and Ocean Beach, and Long Branch are not diminished, the yachts that take parties out on the ocean are as crowded as at other times and excursion parties from abroad, numbering often one and two thousand persons, are even more frequent than usual. Dr. Stokes asks that those things may not be so used as to distract the attention of those who are desirous to attend the religious services, and there appears to be a general disposition to comply, so far as may be, with this reasonable request.

One of the standard recreations is a ride, in the afternoon, to Long Branch, to visit Hoey's splendid garden and grounds, see the long strands at pier, get a look at the fashionable turnout on Ocean avenue and feast the eyes on the great hotels, the elegant cottages and the rich dresses of the ladies who show themselves on the long veranhas. Long Branch was never so splendid as it is this year. There are new cottages, enlarged hotels and additional decorations. The long ride on Ocean avenue is certainly one of the finest in the world, and the garden and grounds of Mr. Hoey, with their statuary and other elaborate embellishments, are a rare attraction which is sought by thousands of pilgrims from all the places along these popular shores.

Among the topics of frequent discussion here, there is none which takes precedence of our relations with the Southern States, and there is certainly a much more hopeful feeling than has existed before since the War. This is owing, in part, to the general sympathy expressed at the South for the President during his recent affections, but also to a difference of tone in the organs of public sentiment. As an evidence of the last I have been pointed to a book, just from the press, entitled 'Our Brother in Black.' It is written by a Southern clergyman, Rev. Dr. Haygood, who was educated in all the prejudices of Slavery, whose father was a slaveholder, and who was among those whose interests and feelings were thoroughly with the South through the War and the events that preceded it, but who confesses that he sees things some what different now, and must henceforth regard his "black brother" in a new aspect. His book is a discussion of the "Negro Question" from a utilitarian and Christian standpoint, and is so candid and just as to evoke very warm comments from the North as well as from the South. He says that slavery has been "a dark and troubled question" to thousands of "as honest and Godly people as ever sought the truth;" but he is not quite sure that the failure of the Southern Confederacy may not prove to be a substantial good to the white South; and if so, he says: "Our children's children will celebrate the surrender at Appamattox as a day of blessing, although they will honor some the spirit of the men who won the praise of the world in their struggles for what was dear to their love and their faith." But, while he is thus free to confess some change of views he contends that the North has been too exacting, too impatient and too ready to disturb the present by a reference to the past. He says that men change their opinions slowly, and that this change cannot be hastened by disparaging and insolent reference to former courses. "There is," he adds, "no more slavery in our country, and this fact ought to be accepted and the matter dropped." "would be just as sensible to denounce George III. on every anniversary of American independence." But George III and Slavery are both dead and should be allowed to rest in peace.

He goes on to say "that *the people of the United States*, and not one section only, have a vast and difficult race-problem to solve," and that the good men of both sections should seek to bring about a better understanding between those sections and be ready to help forward all needful reform. "The spirit of conciousness and suspicion, of criticism and disparagement, of complaint and denunciation that has so long, so often, and so indelently shown itself in many Northern papers, or many Northern platforms and in many Northern pulpits, is greatly hindered the South from coming to a knowledge of its own faults." He hopes, therefore, that these complaints will cease and that both sections will have to bear and forbear.

The conclusion to which he comes is that that the situation as it is must be accepted, that 'our brother in black" must be regarded as a citizen, that he must be accorded all the rights of a citizen; that he must be educated; that the North is as much interested in his education as the South, that the most abundant means should be provided for this purpose and that the State and the churches should go hand in hand in this great work. His book will not be wholly approved either in the North or in the South, but its fairness will generally be conceded and it cannot fail to do kreat good.

BUCKEYE.

MISSOURI.

The Advantages It Offers Emigrants.

To the Editor of the Blade.

As I have not seen anything in your columns from North Missouri since I became a reader of your admirable and widely circulating paper, I would like to occupy a little space.

This point is half way between the Hannibal & St. Joe Railroad, and the Iowa line, and is one of the best parts of the State, with a population principally from New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Kentucky and West Virginia, with fine fertile prairies, creeks and rivers, all skirted with fine belts of the best shell-bark hickory, walnut, white and bur oak and other timber, sufficient to last for all time, with railroads fast developing into a system of competing trunk lines, thus opening up an unusually fine field for investment both for capitalists and practical farmers unequalled in any part of the great northwest. This County (Grundy) is 21 miles square, and has a live intelligent, enterprising population of 16,000 people; with room for 16,000 more, with a climate the same as Columbus, O., and Indianapolis, Ind., and we invite people to come here, first, because we have a good climate; second, because the people are orderly and prosperous; third, because we have a rich productive soil; fourth, because we have plenty of timber and water and no Kansas drouth or continuous high winds; fifth, because we have an abundance of fruit, coal, limestone, and building rock; sixth, because blue grass is a natural production; seventh, because our lands are very cheap, whether improved or unimproved; eighth, because we have good schools and churches of all denominations; nineth, because our population has increased 50 per cent. in the last 10 years; tenth, because two great trunk lines of railroad, the Rock Island and the Wabash connect us directly with St. Louis, Chicago, Toledo and all points East; eleventh, because Trenton is the county Seat of Grundy County, is one of the foremost commercial towns on the Rock Island and Wabash lines, situated at their junction, with coal shafts, grist and woolen mills, railroad machine shops, with a population of 4,000 people, growing rapidly and affording a splendid home market; twelfth, because unimproved lands can be bought at from $5 to $10 per acre, and improved land and stock farms from $10 to $30 per acre, ranging in price according to location or improvement. Then, we say, come and be surprised, and, like hundreds of others, you will not go any further, for, with all these advantages, is it any wonder that immigration has been turned to this State, notwithstanding the retarding influences that 40 years of Slavery has had upon her, she stands to day in population and wealth as the *fifth State in the Union*. For the last 15 years she, phoenix-like, has been rising, putting on new garments, adapting herself to the new order of things, adding more than 1,000,000 of people from the East to her population, and leave to-day is attracting more attention than any other Western State. Her unmeasured strength and vast possibilities, together with her present advanced position, is destined to keep her in the front rank in the race of States, and right here let me remark that while she is the worst slandered and libeled State in the Union, she will hold her present proud position. When you take her geographical position, her mineral wealth and agricultural resources, her growing Cities, and her fast developing system of river and railroad facilities, her common schools as well as a hundred denominational academies and colleges into consideration. You will not be surprised at the assertion, and her population and wealth would be much greater to day than what it is were it not for the reputation she has abroad But we are glad reputation and character are not one and the same. Her beastly Democratic majority has taken advantage of, even by Republican newspapers all over the East, and all sorts of crime and bad government are charged, and immigration to the State is thus prevented. When an immigrant crosses the Mississippi River into the State he remembers the reputation of the State, and at once commences to whip his horses and does not stop till he gets into Kansas. Now, the politics of the State could easily be changed, and the State be made a substantial Republican State if the Republican papers would advise the people to immigrate to the State. Hancock had only a plurality over Garfield and Weaver of 19,000 votes. We have today nearly 175,000 Republican votes, and the Democrats something over 200,000. Thus it will be seen that if the State had her share of the Western immigration she would be a Republican State in less than five years. Now, I, as a Republican, have no apology to make for Democratic mismanagement in the State, but the way out is for our Republican friends in other States to help us and not hinder us. Now after the recent train robbery occurred the *Inter-Ocean* felt called upon to give three columns of the history of the James and Younger boys, thus bringing to the mind afresh all the robberies these fellows had committed, not only in Missouri but in other States, and of course Missouri has to stand the blunt because the remant of these boys are supposed to live in the State. I don't think Illinois has anything to boast of, as she seems to have furnished the assassin of the President, and there is the Muscatine *Journal* which has been doing very little lately but abusing Missouri.

Just last week I picked up a paper published in Indiana, and what do I see but an article headed "Wicked Missouri," and on reading it, it turned out to be that one fellow had stabbed another—that is all, but the impression apparently was to go out that the like could not happen anywhere else, and in another large influential Republican paper I notice a long article on the sympathy Missouri criminals receive, and followed by the assertion that the late train "robbers will go free and unharmed until some day they will do something in Kansas, Iowa or Illinois when the hand of Justice will fall upon them as heavily as it did upon their associates in Minnesota!" Well, in answer to this, we say it is a notorious fact that a train was wrecked and robbed on the Rock Island in the State of Iowa in 1877, between Des Moines and Council Bluffs, and the *Inter-Ocean* says the James boys did it and we ask who ever heard of them being punished for it, and the same paper asserts that a train was plundered and robbed by them away out in Kansas on the Kansas Pacific three or four years ago and not one of them was arrested for it. It must be conceded that the danger of being apprehended is not nearly so great in robbing a train at night as in robbing a bank in the daytime.

In conclusion we simply say, that all the Republicans of Missouri want is fair play and that their Republican friends in other States will help them to make the State Reform and then she will "draw all men unto her and bloom and blossom as the rose.

A. H. BURKEHOLDER.

Trenton, Mo., Aug. 18.

About Comets.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade.

It is always amusing to read the different theories in regard to comets, whenever one of these erratic wanderers presents itself to our admiring gaze. It is thought by some that the earth passed through the "tail" of the comet which recently passed its perihelion. Now, technically, a comet *has no tail*. The cometary matter is globular in shape, with the head, or nucleus in the center, and as it approaches the sun it becomes luminous, probably from being heated, but the more attenuated portion is not of sufficient brilliancy to be seen in the portions of space exposed to the full light of the sun. The denser portion obscures the sun's rays to some extent, forming a sort of penumbra or partial shadow which widens as you get farther from the nucleus, and in this partially darkened space the luminosity becomes visible, and this visible portion is termed the "tail," while it is only a very exceedingly small portion of the entire mass, of which the visible tail represents the semi-diameter. Whatever enormous length it may appear, the entire mass is a globe of a diameter double the length of the tail, and it is altogether likely that the earth has passed through a portion of many comets. This theory needs no other proof that the sudden sweep which the supposed tail makes when passing the perihelion point, suddenly starting at an impossible velocity, at which a tail of the most tenacious material in nature would be *pulled out* and sent away in a straight line by centrifugal force, even if the velocity were only one millionth part so great; but the shadow, or penumbra, can pass around without any strain, showing a different section of the cometary globe. Am I not right, Mr. Astronomer?

Saratoga, Kansas. R. S.

Government Land in Florida.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

In your valuable paper of August 4th I noticed a question asked about Southern lands. I take the liberty to answer through the BLADE so that others who may be interested may have the same chance of learning something about Florida. In answer to the question I will say that there is plenty of good Government land State land to be had, and which a man who is willing to work and with limited means, can make a good living and more than a living in a few years if he will manage things right Fruit growing is generally considered the most profitable business that a man of limited means can engage in. The land is cheap and well adapted to the growth of fruits, and he can buy trees enough of different kinds to make a good orchard with very little cost. Then while this orchard trees are growing he can make a good living by cultivating the soil. I know of men who came to Florida only a few years ago, and with limited means, who went right to work and started orange groves, and at the same time planted other fruit trees among the orange, and are now enjoying the fruits of their labor with good prospects of soon having a splendid home and a comfortable income, with but little more labor than to keep his orchard in order. The lands around Archer are rolling, and where not cleared, are covered with a heavy growth of tall, straight pine timber, free of undergrowth, many small lakes scattered around and abounding in fish of different kinds, with wild ducks and alligators, which afford sport for the hunter.

W. F. McCutcheon, of Gresly, Kansas can find out more about Florida by writing to L. W. Lipsey, Archer, Alachua County, Florida.

August 16, 1881. L. W. LIPSEY.

The "Gibraltar Brigade."

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

Will any of the old "Gibraltar Brigade," *i. e.* 4th and 8th Ohio, 14th Indiana, and 7th Virginia, be present at the Lafayette, Ind., Reunion on the 21st, 22d and 23d of September? As the railroad fare on all roads leading into the City (Lafayette) will for that occasion be unprecedently low, I don't see why the brigade cannot be present in force. Would esteem it a favor to hear from the "boys." R. DICKINSON,

Late of Co. G, 8th O. V. I.

Fremont, O., Aug. 26, 1881.

Attempted Assassination.

PORTSMOUTH, O., Aug. 29.—Erasmus Tucker, a prominent real estate agent and surveyor, left here to survey home disputed boundaries in the wild lands at the head of Turkey Creek in this County. His life had been threatened by a couple of timber pirates, named James and John Holt, and while he was engaged in the work two rifle shots were fired at him, one of the shots taking effect in his thigh, making only a flesh wound. The two Holts, who had fired at a distance of 100 yards, fled and are still at large.

An Attempted Scare.

CHICAGO, Aug. 29.—The following has been sent to the papers here and is published as a curiosity more than as a warning:

Americans and friends of Ireland are hereby warned against embarking on any vessel flying the British flag after Thursday next, September 1. Many may reach their destination, but none are safe

BY ORDER OF CENTRAL COMMITTEE.

Sessions Defeated.

SALAMANCA, N. Y., Aug. 28.—On the 50th ballot the Republican convention nominated Newman M. Allen as State Senator, in place of Loren B. Sessions.

WYOMING TERRITORY.

The Phenomena of a Remarkable Summer.

Terrible Heat, Cold Nights, Fearful Hail Storms, Electrical Disturbances, Snakes, Insects, and a Desolated Country.

Correspondence of the Toledo Blade.

It has lately become apparent, even to the most casual observers, that the present Summer in this country has been marked by some of the most strange, and remarkable manifestations, that have ever been witnessed before since the first settlement of this territory. The continual disturbed condition of the atmosphere, and the wonderful

INCREASE OF INSECTS AND REPTILES,

which of late have appeared in many parts of the country, has not only been the cause of bringing forth inquiries from nearly everyone, as to what has brought about such singular and unaccountable state of affairs, but has also placed in the minds of many people, a feeling of dread and uneasiness.

Many days during the early part of this month, the thermometer registered in the shade from 105 to 106 degrees Fahr. At such times the sky appeared like a sheet of polished brass, and the atmosphere was much the color of blue heat and smoke, blown from a hot furnace. Perhaps this state of the weather would continue for two or three days, then the heat-wave would break and the mercury would sink rapidly until the atmosphere during the night would become cold enough for either frost or snow.

POWERFUL HAIL STORMS,

accompanied by wind and rain, roar over the country every few days, and at many places along the lower range of mountains, the hail stones which fell during some of those late storms were of enormous size, resembling large pieces of ice, of several ounces weight. Not long since a party of horsemen were out in the neighborhood of "Antelope Creek," a stream running through a rough broken region, some 50 miles north of Fort Fetterman. While far off upon the high open country, remote from timber or any kind of shelter, they were suddenly overtaken by one of those powerful hail storms which obliged them to dismount and picket their horses to clumps sage brush, and use their saddles for a shelter to protect them from the violence of the winds and hail. They describe the hail-stones as being of enormous size. Some of the large pieces were of a very peculiar shape, many being elongated like icicles, while others were still of a more irregular form, and resembling large fragments of jagged ice." They speak of the country as being literally white with hail, for miles in every direction. After the storm passed over, and not a living plant or any form of vegetation could be seen, but was thoroughly flattened to the earth.

ELECTRICAL DISTURBANCES.

At certain times during this Summer, when the heat-waves are rolling over the country, the atmosphere becomes so charged with electricity that the telegraph operator experiences great difficulty in either receiving or transmitting messages over the wires. Along some of the high mountain ranges, when the heat becomes very great, the air at times becomes so charged by powerful electric currents that sparks will fly from the hair of animals when brushed by a quick stroke of the hand. At night, far off along the horizon, flashes of electric lights are continually darting upwards in close succession, one after another, and spreading over a vast region in the heavens. At intervals, deep, rumbling sounds are heard, which resembles distant thunder, or the booming of heavy field ordnance. Many days while the heat is so great whirlwinds of a very remarkable appearance, are to be seen sweeping over the country in different directions. As many as six or seven of these whirlwinds have been seen at a time, some apparently of considerable size and strength, and in form having much the shape of huge funnels. In watching the movements of some of those whirl-winds, it has been observed that at different places, some will become for a few moments apparently stationary in the air, *excepting* the part which touches the earth, which, during that momentary suspense, keeps up a kind of swinging motion over the ground, gathering up clouds of sand, and dust, and fragments of sage brush, and other rubbish, which are blown far up into the sky, and scattered for miles in every direction. The noise made by those remarkable winds as they traverse the country is quite loud, being a deep hollow sound, and can be heard for a long distance off. Though whirlwinds often occur in this region every Summer, yet on account of those which have appeared this season, being of such singular shapes, and having such strange movements while passing along in their zig-zag course over these wild wastes, has been noted by all the old frontiersmen as something very unnatural for this country. Large ranges of country, which were covered with bunch-grass and wild flowers during the early part of the Summer, now present an appearance as bleak and barren as the

MOST DESOLATE SPOTS IN THE DESERT

of Sahara. In fact, upon all the high plateaus and uplands of this region the country looks as though it had lately been roasted under sheets of hot iron. Nothing is left there now but vast expanses of sand and rocks, with here and there an occasional strip of country covered by sage brush and cactus plants. Not a bird is to be seen fluttering through the air, or an antelope or deer bounding over the plains. Even the prairie-dog villages, which only two or three months ago swarmed with hundreds of these curious little animals, are now silent and apparently deserted.

SNAKES AND VARIOUS FORMS OF INSECT LIFE

have latterly appeared in many parts of the country. Many of the "old timers" regard these insects and reptiles as something of the new order to anything heretofore met with in Northern Wyoming. Some of the snakes found on the slopes of the mountain ranges and in the vicinity of the foot-hills resemble small vipers, while others are of a much larger size, measuring from three to four feet in length, and are of a light ash color. During the month of May and the early part of June swarms of green flies and locusts appeared in countless numbers in some parts of the country, and in some localities where the locusts were found most numerous, the earth in many places was as thoroly perforated with little holes, as the surface of a honey comb. As soon as those swarms of flies and locusts had disappeared, then came another form of insects in the shape of large red ground crickets, which made their appearance by thousands in every section of the country. They are of an uncommon large size and very sluggish. Those insects (as they might be called) soon disappeared, and were quickly followed by various other forms of insect life, among which was a very minute black insect, not larger than a flea, which swarms by millions through the gardens of the country, and in a few days nothing was left in those patches of vegetables but dead leaves. Strange to say, that the grass hopper, which has never failed in the past, to make this region a Summer visit, has for some reason this year failed to make their customary calls. Only a very few were noticed in any part of the country, and that was during the early part of June

STREAMS DRIED UP.

Nearly all the mountain streams, which contained such a fine stage of water a couple of months ago, are now dry in many places. Along the high mountain ridges, where snow was never known to disappear in past Summers, has disappeared this season, and many a lofty crag is now stripped of its snowy cap and exposed to ths fierce heat of a scorching Summer, which was never so before.

Curious shades of light have been observed at various times this Summer, often during bright moonlight nights, when the air is still and no wind blowing. A soft white light passes slowly over the surface of the earth, which gives the ground and trees an appearance as though all was covered by a thick coat of frost. The prevailing winds which traverse this region from West to East comes this season from every point of the compass, changing about from one direction to another in the space of a few hours. In fact, everything appears to be in a very disturbed condition, and owing to such singular and remarkable atmospheric changes which are constantly taking place through this region of the Rocky Mountains. It would be difficult for anyone to tell at the close of one day what the next day was going to be like.

R. F.

Fort Fetterman, Wy. Ter., July 31.

When the schools and colleges open this Fall, there will be many excellent young men anxious to attend, who cannot afford the expense. If such will address Eugene H. Foster, President of Miami Valley College, Springboro, O., you will find how you can go through college, learn a valuable trade, and nearly or quite pay your way as you go along."

A young man stands at a disadvantage if he fails to secure the practical training afforded at H. B. Bryant's Chicago Business College. Every young man should have it.

OLD CALIFORNIA.

A Visit to the Southwest Coast.

Santa Barbara and Its Inhabitants—A Place to Rest and Enjoy Oneself—Exploring the Country, and Putting Up Signal Stations.

U. S. COAST AND GEODETIC SURVEY,
Foot of Dome Mt., Drybed of Salt Lagoon,
CALIFORNIA, Aug. 4, 1881.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

To attempt an elaborate description of the country between here and Santa Barbara would occupy too much space in these columns, nor is it my purpose to paint a fanciful picture to the mind of the reader. However a few words about this picturesque country may not prove wholly uninteresting.

SANTA BARBARA,

the County Seat of the County by the same name, situated on the Pacific Coast, 54 miles southeast of Pt. Conception, contains about 2,500 inhabitants. It is a rambling quiet old Town, built upon a comparatively level tract, within a quarter of a mile of the beach. On the north side of the Town, the rolling prarie land gradually sloping to the northward, suddenly rises to form the eastern ridge of the Santa Nez Mountains, which extending westward as far as the eye can trace the rugged hights terminates with Tranquilon Peak, near Point Arguello. Off the coast, are in plain view a cluster of islands—Santa Cruz and Santa Roza, the larger, between San Mignel and Anacapa, the smaller,—which with the coast define Santa Barbara channel, about 20 miles in width. Santa Barbara, like most Towns and settlements in this section of the State, is composed of about one-third Spaniards and Mexicans, the remainder are "Americans" so called, simply because they are not of Spanish or Mexican blood. Chinamen number about 200, most of whom are engaged in washing, cooking, and waiting on table.

The buildings are unique and many nearly a century old. The houses of the older Spanish inhabitants are all one-story high, built with sun dried brick, laid in mortar of mud mixed with grass. The walls are from two to four feet thick. Verandas extend all around, outside walls projecting from 10 to 15 feet. These, like the roofs, are covered by placing upon the rafters a layer of poles as thick as ones wrist. These are securely fastened with ropes of hide; then a layer of thatch is added; upon this is placed the final covering of *tegas*, (kiln burnt semi-tiles) two feet in length and six inches in diameter. These *tegas* are placed lengthwise, like shingles, in horizontal rows, with the concavity up, beginning at the lower end of the roof and working towards the upper, each successive row overlapping the preceding one until the top is reached; then again beginning at the bottom, they lay similar tiles in the same manner with the convavity down, covering in every row the joint between adjacent tiles. Though such a roof has a very rude and uncouth appearance, it makes a good barrier against fire, wind and rain.

Santa Barbara, with all its variety of citizens, is very orderly. A large portion of them are Roman Catholics, that denomination having the largest and oldest church in the City. This church, as all Spanish houses of worship, is known as a "Mission." They are fortified by thick stone walls not less than eight feet in hight, wherein are buried, it seems, the aristocracy of the church.

THE MISSIONS.

For the curious there is much fool in these missions. They are in different parts of the State, from one-half to over two centuries old. The Mission at Santa Barbara was founded in 1780 by Spanish missionaries, who had a powerful influence over their people and the native Californians—Indians. This Mission in its prosperous days was, it is said, possessed of much wealth in land, cattle, general merchandize and hard cash. The greater part of all this wealth was confiscated by the Mexican Government, so that when California became a portion of the United States little remained except their old adobe walls and lands, with a few old Spanish books, records and manuscripts

As a Summer and Winter resort Santa Barbara stands among the best on the coast. Every accommodation in the way of a hotel, etc., is afforded to the many visitors from all parts of the United States who come here to drink and bathe in the invigorating water, enjoy the fine fruits, the unsurpassed hunting, and, above all, breath the pure air of the coast while enchanting the eye with the beautiful mountain scenery. The fashionable hotel is the Arlington, overlooking the Town and surrounding country. Town papers which are supposed to furnish "all the news" are the *Daily Press* and the *Independent*.

Santa Barbara is an excellent place for one who cares only to enjoy life. The climate is good, the days in Summer are not disagreeably warm, the nights cool, the Winters are not cold, the snow and rain not disagreeably heavy in Winter, while in Summer there is no rain fall between the months of May and October. Many of the streets are beautifully lined with shade trees of various kinds, among which are the willow, blue gum, live oak, spruce and cypress. The vineyards as well as the orchards are excellent, and close by in the cañons and protected valleys are immense quantities of oranges, lemons, plums, apricots, almonds and other delicate fruits to be had from the tree.

THE SOCIETY

here is very good. The Spanish generally are very polite, and entertaining, good conversationalists, ever ready to confer a favor, quick to perceive, and particularly attentive to Americans from the East and visitors generally. All in all, Santa Barbara is the place for pleasure,

Leaving Santa Barbara at 9 A. M. on the 5th ult. with complete outfit, consisting of five mules, four horses and one one wagon loaded with provisions, tents, etc.,—drawn by two teams, we took the most direct route over the mountains in search of Gaviota Pass. Passing through Los Positas, Los Pueblos, Coral Refugis and Gaviota Pass we soon came within sight of Los Cruces, which lies nestled among numerous hills at the head of the "Pass." From the summit of the steep hill, which lies directly in front of you, one gets a very fine view of picturesque Gaviota, and the imprisened settlement below. A cursory account of these must suffice. From Los Cruces, extending to the coast, a distance of eight miles, flows a small stream of crystal clear water between two grand and imposing mountain walls of solid rock. This cañon, not more than 10 feet in width, its walls of rock towering up from 100 to 500 feet, is provided with

WHAT CALIFORNIANS CALL A ROAD.

One's imagination however must first be acclimated upon one of these so called roads and then stretched to its utmost capacity, before it can conceive of it as the thing signified by the term *road*. The most significant appelation that I can find in my limited vocabulary for such a thing is "an irregular serpentine cog-wheel" (on a large scale.) As an appetizer it excells HopBitters when riding over it on wheels. Gaviota Pass has many special merits. The "Two Twins," "Bull's Slide" and "Dark Veil" are only a few of its many admired features. For genuine beauty "Bull's Slide" is unsurpassed by anything of the kind in the Cañon. It bears a close resemblance to "Devil's Slide" of the famous Weber Cañon, Utah. The bolders which have from time to time fallen down from the precipitous walls into the Pass are grand in size and magnificent in form and color: the small stream continually pouring and spraying in these rocky haunts is a rare gem of rustic nature. It is intoxicating to behold in these massive walls the miniature cascades and eddies, the fallen rocks, some having the appearance of stags having suddenly ceased, assuming, apparently different angles and fantastic shapes. A continuous, ever changing panorama.

LOS CRUCES,

consisting of a few dwelling-houses, a grocery store and Postoffice combined with a tavern, is about 35 miles west of our starting point, lies at the foot hills to, and within three miles distant of Gaviota Peak, our objective point. Here we pitched our tents, took dinner and put up for the night. In the morning, after packing the mules—which performance is as amusing as it is interesting—with lumber, nails, tools, and such other material and implements as are required to construct and erect a C. S. signal, we mounted our steeds and proceeded to ascend the rugged moustain before us, in pursuit of our object—Gaviota Peak—elevated nearly 2,500 feet above the sea. In this preparatory work, and C. S. reconnaissance generally, it has been necessary to have a guide who is familiar with the mountainous country, and especially the trails leading to the principal mountain peaks. Our guide is a Spaniard, who, with his two Mexican assistants, finds or makes such trails as are required. To ascend these mountains, generally their highest peaks, which have seldom, if ever, been frequented, is by no means a slight undertaking and is seldom accomplished without more or less difficulty. At any rate this, my first trip, was to me a delicate affair and during the ascent I was very careful in presence of my older and more experienced climbers, not to give vent to my feelings, lest I should suggest to the outside world my seeming immasculine qualities. All the feelings sacred to my own heart were aroused from their lethargy while Balasm's quadruped was carrying me up the apparent 80° inclines, along the steep and rocky ledges over deep guiches, winding spirally around this hild, perpendicularly up that one, along narrow trails at such dizzy hights that I became, for the time being, a skepic, inasmuch that I had faith in nothing but "a mule and the grace of God," After two hours toilsome riding through bunch grass, sage brush and chaparal, stunted trees and rocks, blooming mosses and tiny, delicate flowers, we stood with our fatigued animals, sopping wet with perspiration, on the summit of Gaviota, one of the high peaks of the Santa Nez chain. Now we could plainly see the coast and a few islands in the south, and bordering the horizon in the north the dark old Sierra De San Rafael Mountains. The great ocean lying directly in front of us, glittering in the hot noonday sun was spread out before us like a field of burnished silver. By the aid of our powerful telescope the islands opposite Santa Barbara were distinctly visible, rearing their crests far above the foaming border at their base. Standing like lone sentinels in this vast expanse of water they presented to the eye a delightful and wonderous beauty as a recompense for their utter isolation and solitude. Turning to the right and looking in a southwesterly direction you see sweeping out into the water—as though to span the ocean—a sharp, bleak and rocky belt; it is Point Conception. In the gorgeous "California sunset" we fastened the last bolt, the signal was up, our work was done. Wending our way down to camp, epecurian exercises were in order, and after a night's rest we continued our way up the "pass" until we crossed the Santa Nez Range at the "Old Mission." Here, turning to the west on the stage road we pass Mission Purisima, just before entering a little bunch of civilization—Lompoc.

This towa, situated in a large wheat and barley producing valley, about 26 miles from Las Cruces, consists of one street, Main street, upon which are all the business houses, a couple of stables, two hotels, the prime of a grag shop, blown up just before our arrival—apparently a very significant performance; the posteffice, "busted" by the arrival of our regular mail—the BLADE and a few letters—was kicked into the street; it was a cigar box. These establishments, with a couple of churches and a few stray houses, constituting Lompoc, were soon left behind, finding us on our way to Tranquillon Peak.

FINE SCENERY.

In this journey is seen some scenery which reminds one of that about Watkins Glen, N. Y. The famous "Diana's Pear," of Watkins strongly resembles the rectangular stone tub seen here. Not believing that the fair goddess Aurora would hesitate for a moment to plunge and bathe in this natural tub, it was named "Aurora's Bath." Leaving here, we discern far ahead, towering into the clouds, Tranquillon, which, when reached is fully appreciated. Why Tranquillon is so called I can't imagine, for rattlesnakes are as numerous and noisy as coyotes, the wind blows almost a gale, and no signs of tranquility are to be found. Where a "jack rabbit" is called a narrow gage mule we are ready to call such chaos in the midst of a hurricane, tranquility. However, this chaos, and the weariness of the journey is fully compensated by the gratification of believing you have witnessed, at an elevation of 5,6 0 feet above the sea, one of the most barren and desolate spots in America. As nothing could be done on so windy a day, my chum and I proceeded "down to the sea in ships," so to speak, in one of those 10 cent gondolas. After my chum picked out a suitable one, which was principally noticeable for its breadth of beam, and having stored away in the rear a copious lunch, we launched out on the sparkling waters of the "raging canawi." Chum, seizing the oars with a stroke that rivaled the Shawnee-ee-mettee sided around the bend at a rate to contemplate, while, happily anticipating the time when I should become a sea Captain, amused myself by trying to sing "A Life on the Ocean Wave." When we had got just opposite the wharf we attempted to show the dock hands a thing or two about rowing. When all at once the bottom of our old junk gave way and left us struggling in the nucleginous deep. Anon visions of horned bull heads, sharks and other horrid monsters flitted through chum's excited imagination, while his unearthly yells brought the whole neighborhood to the rescue. After floundering around awhile presumably to save the lunch which he brought with him all the way from camp, he boldly struck out for the "golden strand," but as his progress was seriously impeded by sundry and diverse things stirried up from the bottom, he was about to take up his cheeks, when suedenly a "cepting" calmly remarked that he guessed he could walk out, as it wasn't more than three feet deep anywhere, chum was himself again. After removing enough sand, kelp and other debris from his eyes, nose and ears, to enable those organs to resume their proper functions, we walked to the dry, sunny beach, where we held a mutual consultation meeting, and upon his motion, we passed the resolution that "Life is an empty dream," particularly boating life.

HANK.

JENNIE CRAMER.

Two Discoveries Which are Unfavorable to the Malley Boys.

Theory that the Girl Was Murdered in Malley's Boat House.

NEW HAVEN, Aug 25—The authorities have made two discoveries in the Cramer case to-day. The first is a scarf-pin which it is claimed that James Malley wore on the afternoon of Thursday, August 4, 10 hours after he last saw Jennie alive, and which was afterwards found on Jennie's hat when the body was picked up. The second discovery is that the Malleys have a boat house and bath-house combined, in which there is room enough for Jennie's body to have been concealed. In the room was a boat in which there were oars. The room also contained an empty bottle and plate. On a veranda above are columns supporting a roof. One of these bears finger marks. The Malleys own three other boat houses. Detectives garlarized them all last night, but refuse to say what was found. The Coroner, following up a clue, found this morning that a gentleman who lives near by noticed within a day or two after the finding of the body, wagon tracks in the sand leading to Malley's boat house. The entrance was at the upper end of the four small boat houses, and to show that the carriage (beach-wagon) was driven in after dark, the planking that runs down from the house bore the marks of wheels. A portion of the wood was broken off, and even to-day showed that a wheel had passed over it. In the space where the horse or horses stood were indications that the party had remained there for some time, for the ground was well pawed up. In driving away a plank shows that wheels had passed over it. This is not much in itself, but when it is stated that the driveway was plenty large for a carriage to drive both in and out without touching the woodwork it goes to show that the parties must have been driving in the dark One of the jurors makes these circumstances fit a theory that, the girl being dead and her body in the boat house, some person drove to the front of the boat house at midnight, took the body and placed it in the boat, and then rowed silently and undetected to a place 1,000 feet away, where the body was found the next day. James Malley denies that the scarf-pin found in Jennie's effects is his.

Bad poetry sold about the street about Jennie Cramer makes the case more hideous than ever. More contradictions of the alibi of James Malley are coming to light. The discoveries at the boat house bring back into the case the beach wagon containing two men and a woman, and which was driven at headlong speed from the shore before daybreak the morning of the day the body was found,

Chicago Exposition.

The Exposition this year, from September 7th to October 22, will probably be the best Chicago has ever had. The managers are doing their best to make it such. The Elkhart Carriage and Harness M'f'g Co. of Elkhart, Ind., will be there with a good assortment of Buggies and Harness. It will give the people an opportunity to compare their work with other first class work. They sell best Top Buggies, $25; Platform Spring 2-Two-seated Wagons, $75; Best Team Harness, oak stock and hand made, $25; Single Buggy Harness, $8 to $30. They sell to the consumer at wholesale prices, and ship with privilege of examining. If not satisfactory they pay all charges. Catalogue and Price List free. Address W. B. Prate, Secretary, Elkhart, Ind.

NOTHING DISCOURAGING.

Dr. Hamilton Has Faith that the President Will Recover;

So Has Bliss, and All the Other Surgeons in the Case.

The Patient's Pulse at Two O'clock, 110—"He is Doing Well."

WASHINGTON, Aug. 30.

8:30 A. M.

The President slept the greater part of the night, awakening at intervals, and retaining the liquid nourishment administered. His general condition is about the same as at the same time yesterday. Pulse, 102; temperature, 98 5-10; respiration, 18. PHYSICIANS.

12:30 P. M.

At the morning dressing another small incision was made in the lower part of the sweeling on the right side of the face which was followed by a free discharge of healthy looking pus. A similar discharge took place through the openings. The sweling is perceptibly smaller and looks better. The wound remains in an unchanged condition. There has been little rise of temperature since morning, and the pulse is more frequent In other respects his condition is about the same. Pulse, 116; temperature, 98.9; respiration, 18.

PHYSICIANS.

2:00 P. M.

IN reply to questions, Col. Rockwell said this afternoon that the President's condition to day has been about as it was yesterday. He has fully held his own, but has not gained perceptibly in strength. No especial importance is attached to the high pulse shown by the noon bulletin; it is attributed principally to irritation caused by the cutting of the parotid swelling this morning. "As long," Col. Rockwell said, "as the gland continues to be a source of almost constant disturbance, we must expect these fluctuations of the pulse. Since noon, however, the pulse has gone down again to 110. We think that he is doing well."

BLAINE TO LOWELL.

The following was sent this afternoon: "The President's condition has not materially changed since my last dispatch. Another incision was made this morning in the parotid gland, with very satisfactory results. Pus flows freely and the swelling grows less, The pulse at this hour (2 P. M.) is lower than during the forenoon yesterday, but on both days it is higher than his other good symptoms would seem to warrant. It is now 110; at noon it was 116.

INTERVIEW WITH DR. BLISS.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 29.—"What is the state of the wound?"

"The wound is doing well. It usually shows most improvement in the morning, but it is looking better even to-night. I don't think that now the President's life is in any direct danger from the wound."

"It is reported the ball has changed its location; is such the case?"

"Yes; we think the ball is making its way down deeper into the cavity of the pelvis, probably in the direction of the rectum."

"How do you know this?"

"We don't know it; but we think so, and we base our opinion partly on the evidence of touch and partly on the patient's own sensations."

"Do you regard this downward movement of the ball as an unfavorable circumstance?"

"Not at all; rather the contrary. It is very likely that the ball will have to come out some time, and we can get at it in the part of the body toward which it going, as well as we could in its original location."

"There seems to be some difference of opinion, doctor, with regard to the President's present weight. Secretary Blaine and Dr. Boynton estimate it at about 125 pounds. Dr. Agnew, on the other hand, is reported to have said he did not believe the President had lost as much flesh as this would indicate."

"I don't know how much the President weighs, but he has not reached the dangerous limit

The Household.

CORRESPONDENTS writing for this department will please observe the following rules:

1. Write "Household Department" on the envelope.
2. Give real name and Postoffice address—not for publication, unless you wish—but for reference in case it is necessary to address you by mail.
3. Write only on one side of the paper; write plainly as possible, and do not interline.
4. Be as brief as the nature of the subject will allow.

Nothing in the nature of an exchange will be inserted in the columns of THE HOUSEHOLD unless accompanied with a remittance of 50c.

READY FOR CHRISTMAS.

About the middle of next month we shall begin in THE HOUSEHOLD a department to continue until the holidays devoted to the description of fancy articles of all kinds which may be manufactured at home. Each week something new and pretty will be presented. It will be our aim to include those which will not require extravagance in expenditure and labor, although a variety will be given. We hope to make it of great use to our friends in THE HOUSEHOLD.

Home Talks.

A letter is before us intended for the THE HOUSEHOLD. A note accompanies it informing us that the writer has written several times before but in every case has failed to see his communication in print, and if this is not published we are sternly ordered to strike his name from our subscription list. Filled with fear at what the effect may be upon the other 84,999 subscribers should he do so, we have endeavored to find something in it worth the space it would occupy, but failing to do so we shall have to run the terrible risk and omit it all except one paragraph. Speaking of the BLADE, he says:

But for one feature it contains, I presume its columns would be found unobjectionable, and that one feature is the One Thousand Member Household Department, that as a general rule graces from four to six columns each week. Suppose these self same columns be used for stories, historical sketches, items on farming, or any class of reading pertaining to probable and interesting subjects. Give us this, and we're content—without this we will thankfully accept the space—blank! I make this request voluntarily and not advisedly.

Now there is modesty for you. We have received letters—always before couched in courteous terms—wishing that this or that subject might be tabooed in the columns of THE HOUSEHOLD, but never one *demanding* that the whole department be omitted. What a terrible shock to his egotism the non appearance of those articles must have been! We do not remember them, or the name of the writer even; but, doubtless, they are a loss which cannot be made good, for now, alas! we shall never receive another.

Seriously, though, we insert the above paragraph as a text for something we have long wanted to say. It is this: Let every reader of THE HOUSEHOLD remember that tastes are as various as the individuals who read it—which last number into the hundreds of thousands. To one class there is nothing which possesses the strong, earnest interest that the question of woman suffrage does. To another all that pertains to schools, and school teaching has a vital importance beyond any other subject. Then come those absorbed in what belongs to the cultivation of flowers; still others to whom household matters, cooking, washing, ironing, home adornment, etc., are what they want to hear about. Temperance, social customs, religion, in short, every question of the day comes in for discussion by the members, and all have their devotees, to whose minds all else is comparatively insignificant.

Now all these people have a right to be heard if they can say anything that is worth hearing, and we certainly endeavor to use the utmost impartiality in the matter. Whatever may be our individual opinions, we mean to give all sides a fair representation in the columns of THE HOUSEHOLD. Only matters pertaining to religious belief which give rise to endless talk, but accomplish absolutely no good are entirely tabooed, but of course we claim the right to use our own discretion with regard to the selections made from the communications sent to us and to the space allowed to the various subjects.

As all have a right to be heard, so all have a right to ask that what pleases them best should have a representation in the paper, but it is the most arrant selfishness for anyone to demand that this or that shall be omitted entirely in order to make room for his preference.

The justice of what we have said will we are sure be apparent to every sensible member of THE HOUSEHOLD and will put an end to such requests and suggestions in regard to the discussions from week to week.

ED. HOUSEHOLD.

About Dyspepsia.

Some time ago "An Old Contributor" asked for a cure for dyspepsia from one who has had it and been permanently cured, and as you admit the male persuasion into THE HOUSEHOLD I will venture an answer. As I am not a physician I shall not prescribe any patent medicine, drug or alcoholic beverage of any kind. I will only give the result of my own personal experience:

I started with the theory that the normal condition was health; that if the body was diseased the disease came from some cause, and that the first step toward a cure was the removal of the cause, when the diseased organs would gradually regain their vigor, and health would return.

In my own case I then believed, and still believe, that the cause was overwork and anxiety, in a climate that did not agree with me. I declined all medicine, believing that my chances for recovery were better without it than with it. I left a State in which I had lived five years, and one of the chief products I had found to be ague and fever, and came to the "North Star State," where I found a pure, bracing atmosphere to breathe and pure water to drink, and scenery that would satisfy the most enthusiastic lover of nature. When I first arrived here I was told that the climate would help people if they came here in time, but after said told me they did not expect to see me living in six weeks. But instead of my friends calling upon the undertaker, in two months from the time I crossed the Mississippi I could eat as hearty a meal, with as much enjoyment, as any laborer in the State, and at the end of a year I was ready to take up my accustomed labor. I have lived in Minnesota for 13 years and the dyspepsia has not returned. I will add that I found temporary relief from the use of the wet bandage or pack.

If "Old Contributor" can perhaps make his own application. I do not give coming to Minnesota as a certain remedy. The point I wish to make is that there is some cause for the dyspepsia, best known to himself. The important condition is that that cause must be removed. That cause may be nervous prostration resulting from overwork; it may be an impure diet, or it may be an impure air. Whatever it may be, he can hope for no help from medicine while the cause remains, and if he removes the cause he will not need the medicine.

"Old Contributor" now has the benefit of my theory, confirmed by my own experience. I know it is not quite the remedy he asked for, as he adds, "Now do not tell me to be temperate in eating and drinking." But this is a point that has not received as much attention in THE HOUSEHOLD as some others of less importance. The sooner every human being can realize that his health is in his own keeping, and the keeping well and the getting well require about the same conditions, the better. Even the professional meetings of physicians are now taken up largely in discussing how to prevent disease. In regard to eating and drinking my theory is that the best drink, as a rule, is pure, cold water, and if I lived where I could not obtain the article, I should emigrate, and that the best diet is that which is most palatable and digestable. A man's palate and stomach are the two best physicians for prescribing his diet. If they both agree upon an article of food, I should not hesitate to eat it if offered.

This is not according to the books, perhaps, of any school. If true, however it is just as well, and if, when tested, one man's experience fails to confirm it, I will yield. It is to be remembered that sanitary science is even yet in its infancy, and that hundreds have lost health and even life in attempting to follow crude and arbitrary rules in regard to modes of living.

VERITAS.

Wrong Kind of Argument.

Before the woman's suffrage question is dropped, I would like to tell those who say that "it would be degrading for women to mingle with the rabble that is always present at voting places" the way in which this danger will be entirely obviated. The law already directs that order shall be preserved at the polls, and when women vote this law will be enforced. This being done there will be no more danger of disgrace at an election than at any other public gathering where good order is maintained. Others say that women are too ignorant on political questions to vote intelligently. Many of them doubtless are, but where you find an ignorant woman you almost invariably find her father and brothers in the same deplorable condition, yet they are never asked whether they can read or write when they go to vote, and if it is right that all women should be debarred from voting because some of them are ignorant the same rule ought to hold good among men, and what would become of the poor office seeker then?

This is an important question that should be thoroughly discussed, and notwithstanding such objections as these are easily met, they are worthy of consideration, but there is one kind of objectors, of whom I would like to speak. For some time I have noticed that just as soon as some intelligent contributor to THE HOUSEHOLD introduces a subject, no difference whether it be of passing or universal interest, before it gets fairly under discussion some bigoted Christian comes in with a towering indignation and a column of Bible quotations and "Thus saith the Lord," to show that such a thing should not be thought of, much less spoken or written about, forgetting in the meantime, or if told of it disdainfully denying, that "The Devil can cite Scripture for his purpose," and that any one who will take the trouble and who is not ashamed to use such ancient and unreliable authority, can find a sufficient quantity of Bible quotations to back up their arguments on either side of any subject. Now in most cases the person who writes upon a subject relating to any movement, or the accomplishment of any object that would be a benefit to the people of the United States in the year 1881, is not thinking of the manners and customs in the Garden of Eden in the year one, nor of the unnatural laws, unreasonable commands and unparalleled cruelties recorded in the Old Testament. He simply expresses his opinion, as he has a right to do, and is not aware of committing any offence till he reads the mingled mass of abuse and Scriptural quotations hurled at him by the ever watchful, primitive-idesed, Biblical demagogue. If he makes any reply, the next will bring another, or more likely half a dozen batches of Scripture, and in a very short time the origina, subject is entirely lost in the wrangle, and the disgusted editor (instead of doing what he ought to have done in the beginning, viz: restricted all parties to reasonable and sensible arguments), makes the announcement that no more communications on religion and the Bible will be published, and that ends it. I have much more to say, but as I am afraid of being adjudged guilty of breaking the fourth commandment at the head of this department, I will desist for the present, and if this passes the basket I will come again.

Ava, Ill. EGYPT.

Everybody's Dog.

Some time ago we had an old dog named "Shep." The way we came by him was this: He was roaming around town and seemed to have no owner. He took a fancy to our team, and following it home, took up his abode there. He proved to be a faithful watch dog, but he had one very bad failing—he wanted to be everybody's dog. After following a passing wagon a short distance he would look wistfully after it. If he could have belonged to a half dozen people at one time I think he would have been perfectly happy. He only staid with us a few months and then left for another home; he had been one man's dog long enough.

Now "Shep" reminds me of a class of people, who belong to the change-about-family; for instance take Mr. Changeabout, on politics; he is a Greenbacker, and meeting a Republican he solemnly assures him that the country is on the verge of ruin, unless our financial system is changed as we are gone.

"Why 'Changeabout' you have certainly been misinformed, we were never further from ruin since we have been a republic. Why just look at the reduction of the public debt, at our credit at home and abroad, at our manufactories, at our improvements in agriculture and every department of trade; look at the general prosperity; why, my man, instead of being on the verge of ruin we are on the high road to prosperity."

"Changeabout" sees the point and goes off a firm adherent of the Republican party, but after a time he gets into an argument with a Democrat who exclaims "why 'Changeabout' our country is in great peril; if there is not a change before 10 years, some one of these Republicans will proclaim himself dictator, and our liberties will be gone. They are near enough to it now. If Hancock had been elected all would have been well; but look at the situation now; look at the snow-storms that have swept over the Northwest, at the intense suffering from the cold, at the loss of property and life, at the damage done by the floods, whole Villages swept away; look at the tornados that are even now devastating our fair land, and a Republican sits idly in his chair."

"These are strong arguments," says 'Change About. "Strange that I never thought of them before," and the Democratic party counts one more.

Take him on Temperance, and he can beat any County Convention I ever saw. In his eyes prohibition is too mild; he would move mountains and create earthquakes, to plot the monster from the earth. The advocates of Temperance take courage and boldly throw down the gauntlet. What can they not do with such a giant to help them? But, alas, a few days before election he meets one of the opposite party and it takes but a little talking to convince him that he is on the wrong side and over he goes. Of what use is such a person in society, if his principles can never be depend upon?

LANA.

Flowers for Winter.

The season of berry picking just ended, in addition to a large correspondence has required my entire time for several weeks past. I allude to this in order that my friends may see it has not been willful neglect which prevented an earlier reply to their inquiries.

Of these, I have a number on hand, but in this letter can give attention to but one. The writer, an Illinois lady, requests, among other things, some advice about Winter blooming plants, and the proper management of a few she now possesses, with a view to getting flowers from them in Winter. She has several geraniums, but knows only three by name—Asa Gray, Fanny and Bridal Bouquet. Has them bedded out, and wants to know if, by removing the flowers this Summer and taking up the plants in the Fall, she can succeed in her object.

All plants intended for Winter flowering must be prepared for the same in Summer. We cannot expect a rose or a geranium or a fuchsia to give us flowers all Summer and in Winter, too. Just in the same way that we require a good rest after some active employment, so with plants; their season of activity must be followed by rest, either partial or absolute. I can better explain my meaning, perhaps, by citing roses as an example. These are kept growing slowly in their pots until September, then lifted, given very rich soil, and larger pots, and with proper attention will bloom all Winter. Very young plants of carnations, chrysanthemums, geraniums and others, may be set out in the open border during the Spring months, the buds kept off, branches pinched in frequently, and lifted carefully in the Fall, when they will make good Winter bloomers. These have been at partial rest. When we consider the beautiful show and the exquisite fragrance of hyacinths, we almost wish we had them now; but these require absolute rest, and as they deteriorate in this country must be imported from Holland every Fall. They, together with tulips and several other bulbs for Fall planting, generally reach America early in September. Our hyacinths were such splendid flowers last Winter that I have grown to like them more than ever, and I propose to write a few letters on the subject of bulbs soon.

Geraniums for Winter blooming should be rooted in the early Spring months, grown out of doors during the Summer, and by September will be large enough for a four inch pot. With me, last Winter, Asa Gray, Christine and Ghost proved the most persistent bloomers. There were others which occasionally flowered but were not continuous. Fanny is not a good Winter bloomer, but has handsome leaves.

I have never found in my long experience a double fuschia that blooms in Winter. I confess I am in the same quandary as my correspondent as far as the name of her double purple fuschia is concerned, not having seen the bloom, but it certainly is not "the kind for Winter." There are but three varieties which may be relied upon to bloom at that season, and in the order of their merit and time of blooming I place them thus: Speciosa, Mrs. Marshall and Lustre. The first is the earliest and produces darker flowers, but both the other varieties are excellent.

R. RENNIE.

Cut Flowers and Boquets.

In a short article not long since I advised stemming flowers for boquets. "Kate Auld" thinks they do not wilt as soon on their natural stems and that stemmed flowers wilt too soon to be of much use. Does she use damp moss or batting in her boquets? If not I would say to "Kate" always use moss or batting in making them. It answers a threefold purpose of keeping the flowers in position, and from being packed too close together and preventing them from wilting. Also in nice work, that is wanted to be kept any length of time, each flower should have a little moist batting wrapt around the stem, when wiring to the artificial stem. We know flowers will keep better on their own stems, but most flowers cannot be used in fine work in that way for they are too thick and clumsy, and in geraniums it would be a great waste of flowers. "Kate" brags some on her flowers. We are glad she has nice ones and takes pride in them. We hope more will tell of their nice plants and how they raise them, for that is the way we learn.

I must brag a little and tell "Kate" of a geranium I have. It is a double scarlet very large flower, and very double. It is set in a tub and is six feet high and spreads over a circle of six feet in diameter. At one time this Summer it had more than 50 large trusses of flowers on. It is a thing of beauty and a wonder to all who see it. I have balsams, red, white and varigated, two inches in diameter and as double as any rose. Have 26 varieties of coleas and other nice flowers but for fear of that ever gaping waste basket, I will not take time to boast of their beauty.

I have been thinking that if the editor would be so kind as to grant us the privilege, it would be nice and instructive to form a society, its objects being the cultivation of flowers, and the adornament of our homes, a society in which we all might add our mite, little as it might be, yet all put together would be useful. We are all more or less successful in some particular thing and by exchanging thoughts and experience would gain valuable information. The BLADE circulates over a vast country and is read by thousands of flower loving people, many of them making a specialty of some one thing, and readering it a success, while falling with others. The BLADE would be a good medium for the exchange of information, each member trying to excel with some one or more flowers and giving their experience to the Society, the editor clipping and selecting from these contributions the information most appropriate to the subject under discussion. With the editor's permission, what say you? How many will join the BLADE Floral Society?

MOSS ROSE.

The West.

When I read "Frances's" good words for Iowa, my thoughts drifted back to some 12 years ago when I first came from Ohio here, now I expected to find a very wild country, inhabited mostly by Indians, and very few advantages of society. I was however happily disappointed, for I found just as enlightened a people, as good schools, and every other institution necessary for education, and good society advantages, as any Eastern town could boast of, and very seldom saw an Indian, and as far as my knowledge extends, you would have to go many hundred miles farther West and yet not be able to find aught else but thriving towns and a class of good industrious people of refinement and culture, with every advantage of advancement in comforts and progress necessary for a civilized people. Why should it be otherwise when this country is principally settled by Eastern people of money and education? As to our farmers' wives, (and I am one of them) having such hard lives, it is not a fact I try in vain to think of one of my personal acquaintances who does not hire a girl to help them and enjoy about as easy a time as many of the town ladies, and every farmer, at all able, has his chore boy or a hired man to assist him to do even the light work about the house and farm. There are possibly a few whose lots are hard, but they are in my opinion very scarce, and the farmers' wives out West don't have any more to do than those in the Eastern States, and their children get just as good advantages of schooling as they do East for the school houses here are many and close together, and teachers too numerous.

I hope this idea of Western ignorance and howlings will soon die out and I think will by the great number of Eastern families coming here to settle, daily. Trains are every day bringing them to our new Western Towns, and soon we shall hear no more about our glorious West being behind the times in all that pertains to a growing country.

If "Young Housekeeper," in a July number (which I have forgotten) will send her address to me I can furnish her with several ways to can pears.

DALE DEWEY.

Glenwood, Mills Co., Ia.

Tit For Tat.

Through all the warm contests that have occurred in the BLADE, I have held my tongue until the present time. When I saw "Biddy's" reply to 'Peggy" in June 23, I felt like saying "my little piece."

"Biddy" said her husband would no more ask her to milk a cow or feed a pig than he would put his head in the fire. I am glad my husband is more *compos mentis* than that, and that we are not afraid to ask each other for assistance when necessary. I too am one of those that have had five years' experience in matrimonial life. I am the mother of three children; have a pair of twin girls four months old; I never tried to educate my husband to wait on me; think his cranium too well developed for that. If a woman has not interest enough in home affairs to attend to the absolute wants of dumb animals when perfectly necessary that her husband should be absent, I wish to fortune some one would tell me what she is fit for as a wife. She certainly could not call herself a helpmate, and at the same time expect a husband to wait on her as those women always desire they should.

If husband and wife were not so afraid of waiting on each other, home would be happier, and there would not be so many divorce cases. I cannot conceive how some women can find arguments to make the impression that they are the only ones to be waited upon. I wonder if they think a man's back is made of whalebone.

I, too, am one of those lucky women that does not have to milk, neither have I had the care of the fowls this season. Husband often churns, and prepares a chicken to fry for breakfast, and does any other work that lightens my labor. Then, why should he be afraid to ask me for a favor, or why should I wait to be asked when he is so kind to me?

MRS. M. M. BEAM.

A Variety of Items.

I want to tell others how I use my shirt polish, since I found that my time and strength would not admit of the polishing process, for indeed that lady told the truth when she wrote that it would make your wrists ache, yes, and your back, too, and as I often had seven and eight fine shirts a week to do up, and not being very strong, was obliged to give up polishing them. Now I take a piece of the polish the size of a pea, put it in a pint of starch made in the usual way, while it is boiling not; stir to dissolve thoroughly; starch the shirts with this as hot as the hands will bear; hang up and dry. Then I dip them in weak cold starch, and roll up for an hour before I iron them. Now stretch them smootnly on your board, rub the bosom over with a damp cloth to remove any lumps of starch; spread a thin dry cloth over and pass the iron over a few times to partly dry; then take the cloth off and iron smoothly. Mine are always nice, and my husband thinks better than when polished. I use the starch that is left for my table linen and it irons nicely.

To the lady from Iowa, I want to say that the Prohibition is "working like a charm." Of course it is violated now and then. What law was ever made that was not broken? But in most cases the violater has had to pay the penalty, and the rest have taken warning. One thing I regret, that I had not the right to vote for it. I would feel very proud of it. But one thing I can boast of, that Kansas has enough good, noble men to *make* such a law, and *stand up* for it and *enforce* it, too. It is such a blessing for the young men and boys, for they don't have the temptation placed before them, as they did before, when the soul-destroying practice of "treating" led so many to ruin. Long live the Prohibition and Gov. St. John.

I hope "B" will give us all the benefit of recipes for inexpensive soups and puddings, etc., and tell us how to make that Graham bread the bachelor thought so nice.

Kansas housekeepers will need all of the "practical hints" they can get, to enable them to get up a variety of dishes next Winter, for we are having a very severe drouth this Summer, which cuts off our usual crop of vegetables, and blessed is the woman who has ingenuity enough to concoct a variety of dishes out of bread and—and nothing.

BETTIE.

What She Thinks.

I don't think "Berengaria" should make as much fun of "Mary Durant" as she does. I don't think it would be very *pleasant* employment for some women to plow, or drive a street car, or plead a divorce suit, but I can't see why it should be any more improper than to marry a man who does these things for a living. I should think that the woman who can drive a street car and plow and thereby earn an honest living is much better than the young lady who will teach school or work in a milliner's shop two or three months in a year and then live off of her friends or relations the rest of the time. As to the giving up seats and carrying bundles, why the one who is the best able to should do it, of course. How would it look to see some big, healthy girl take a poor tired old grandpa's seat while he stood up?

If a girl could make $6 a week by driving a plow, why should she not do it, instead of doing housework at $2 a week, when the former would be no harder for her than the latter, and so long as women must do housework for from $6 to $15, while young men can get from $12 to $20 per month for work that is no harder, why should not the girls do it as long as they are able? All women cannot get married, as there are more women than men and besides there are many men who can never support a wife, therefore women should make it their business to do such work as will best support them—honestly, of course. I don't think the ballot will help women to make a living who can't make one without, but I do think it will help those who can, just as much as it ever helped the men.

FAULT-FINDER.

Books.

"Bookworm" will accept my thanks for his articles on "A well selected library." I wrote a letter to THE HOUSEHOLD several months since expressing obligations for his kindness, but the most of it found its way into the waste basket and was otherwise so changed that I hardly recognized it. I have never had the pleasure of reading all the books he mentions, but from the titles and the authors I think they are a capital selection. There are many books that are not interesting, and we should read books not so much for the pleasure they afford us, as the knowledge we derive from them.

In no other department of literature is there to be found so much "trash" as in the works of fiction, yet it forms two-thirds of the reading matter of the youth of our country. They will seize with alacrity and read with unabated interest some wild romance of "border life," while the writings of Bulwer, Scott, Thackeray and many others of the same grade lie on their tables unnoticed.

I will notice "Bookworm's" list more at length in some future letter, if Mr. Editor dosen't "butcher" this one too much.

MONROY.

Only a Word.

"Kate W. Auld," in regard to correspondence, says she "fails to see half the dismal views some of the correspondents have described," and writes of having received some letters from a person she never saw, and does not know that she ever will see. Now some persons that are not nice themselves, can write some very nice letters, presuming (as may not be the case with her correspondent) that the person that receives the letter is far away, and may never know the difference. It may not be wrong if both persons enter into a correspondence with a well defined purpose, but it is far better to know each other before they proceed any farther.

LOTTIE.

Expressions of Opinion.

MRS. M. T. Fell, Clarence, Iowa, writes to "Kate Auld:"

"I like your letter on flowers and plants, and want to tell you what I have for white flowers. Double white fever few is a good bloomer for indoors as well as out. It is never out of bloom from the time it gets a start from seed or slip till it freezes or you cut the top off. That stops the bloom for that year, and freezing kills it. It only cost 10 cents at any florist's. White perennial phlox is good from about harvest till frost, so pure and plenty of bloom, and white phlox Drummondii is excellent."

"A. K. W.," Alford Center, N. Y., writes:

"If my ingenuity was sufficient to pick out and put in proper place the two pieces, point lace instructions, and a budget from over the mountains, in the BLADE of July 21, I should say God bless her who has the understanding and dare express such noble truths as were in the last. We need a thousand such, where there is now one. And then too 'Aunt Betsey's' raid on the custard pies just in time. How any mother can put the least drop of spiritous liquors in her cooking, is a wonder to me. Our Bible tells us to train up our child in the way he should go, and can we do so if we allow ourselves to do aught, either before or after their birth, that shall influence them for evil? Has God given us any permit to train them for evil?

"Belle" says:

"I would like to say a word in regard to girls marrying for a home. I think it mere slavery for a girl to marry a man she cannot even respect. What happiness can they expect? And if one can not be happy, what kind of a life does she lead? Generally a tired, discontented useless existence, longing to be set free. What kind of a mother can such a wife make? Can she bring up her children to be happy, useful men and women? I think not. "Marrying for a home" is often the cause of unhappy homes, and often leads to divorce, and sometimes to murder. A girl that is willing to work can always get a home. A "hired girl" is much happier than an unloved, unloving wife."

"S. M.," South Arm, Mich., in a letter received some time ago but overlooked, writes:

"I thought I would give my opinion on these home troubles.' I think the editor is quite right in the matter. We ought not to be so selfish. I think we should try to please our husbands more instead of trying to find fault with everything they do, and just the same on the other side of the question. If your husband is working hard and tired, if you can feed the pigs he won't have to do it, and if your wife is tired out working over the hot stove, and the baby is cross, help her by holding him for a time. When our baby is cross at night his father helps to quiet him just as much as I do. Help each other, dear sisters and brothers, and when Death's cold hand parts you, as it will sooner or later, it will comfort you to think you were kind to the loved one.

"Loyal Daughter" says:

"As this is my first attempt, I am somewhat timid about ringing THE HOUSEHOLD door bell, but cannot resist the temptation, since reading that extract from "Independence." What a horrible idea it is to think that any intelligent creature would prefer a life of indolence and shame to one of labor and purity, and yet how many fallen ones there are. Sad thought; suggestive of blighted hopes and ruined lives. Mothers, be ye careful, and instil into the very nature of your children an abhorrence of evil. By neglecting in a great degree these special warnings many parents have come to grief, and children who were intended for blessings have proved untold burdens. I insert the word "children" because I think it as great a sin for one sex as the other.

Enquiries.

I have tried the recipe for baker's ginger snaps given by "L. T. C." and think them splendid, if I could keep them from softening, which they do after being baked a few hours. Will "L. T. C.," or some other reader, tell how to prevent this, and oblige—MRS. C. L. R.?

Will some kind friend please send me the poem by John G. Saxe entitled, I think, "Nothing to Wear," and commencing "Miss Flora McFlimsy of Madison Square," to—MRS. WALTER J. THOMAS, Leicester, Addison, Co., Vermont?

Will "Oleo" please send those recipes for coloring? Can some one tell me where to get a nice slipper case pattern? I would like one that will receive two pairs of slippers.—FARMER'S WIFE, Orel P. O.

Will some please tell me, through THE HOUSEHOLD, how to make corn starch out of our field corn?—KITTY M.

Will the lady who sent the recipe for the cure for rupture with oil of egg, be kind enough to send it to Mrs. Harriet N. Barr, Tonica, LaSalle County, Ills., and to F. P. McGowan, Mossville, Adams Co., Nebraska?

Will "Rose Ella Porter" please look the directions for lace edging over given in the BLADE July 21, and see if she has it correct? Would like very much to knit it, but think there must be a mistake.—H. E. A.

Can any one inform me what will clean sea shells?—JOHN H. SQUIRE.

Please ask the lady who gave in the number of August 4 "Practical Hints on Economical Cooking," and signs herself "B." to send her address to MRS. JAMES SHEPHERD, Box 358, Pueblo, Col.

Will some one tell me how to prepare horse radish for Winter use, soon, before it is too late in the season?—BETTIE.

Will some one of THE HOUSEHOLD please give a list of the most noted of American writers, and state the place and date of their birth?—MYSTICS HOWARD.

Will some of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD please send me some autograph quotations or conundrums and oblige—MRS. L. Decatur, Macon Co., Ill., Lock Box 235.

Will some one please give through THE HOUSEHOLD a fancy knitting pattern suitable for ladies silk stockings?—MRS. A. J. MESNELL, Faribault, Minn.

Will some one please give through the BLADE a recipe for coloring cotton red which will not fade? There is a color which is called turkey red. Why is it so called?—ALBINA BURDICK.

Will "Kitty M." please state whether she uses the juice of the lemons in making the lemon extract?—CAL.

Answers to Inquiries.

I wish to tell "George" a pretty sure cure for ring-worms. There is no remedy but what may fail: Take a cold flat-iron, place on the face of it a piece of old linen; then set fire to it; when through burning blow the ashes off carefully and take the oil on the iron and rub on the ring-worm. I think your ring worm will soon disappear.—EVA MAY.

In answer to inquiry in last week's paper, I send the following recipe for tomato catsup: Take 1 pk of ripe tomatos, cook until soft enough to rub through a sieve, then add to each quart of this liquid 1 pt. good vinegar, ½ pt sugar, 1 teaspoonful each of salt, pepper, allspice, cinnamon and cloves, boil slowly until reduced to the right thickness, bottle and seal.—MRS. J. HAHNENKRATT, Phillipsburg, Phillips Co., Kan.

If the one who inquired through THE HOUSEHOLD about the song entitled "Somebody's Darling," will write to any good music store for "Somebody's Darling," by Mrs. E. K. Crawford, they will get the song desired.—MAC.

I will send "E. C. Stowe" the first four lines of Kitty Wells:

I sometimes wish that I was dead,
And laid beside her in the tomb:
'Tis sorrow that bows down my head,
All silent as the midnight gloom.

"L. T. H." can get all the turkey red cotton she wants here in Trenton, Ill. It sells for 25 cents a bunch. Any of our merchants will supply you with all you wish.—MRS. WM. HARRIS.

Please let me thank the following persons through your columns for sending me songs, etc. I have received many copies, and still they come: Misses Mary L. Lewis, Laura Bragg, Nora Gauntney, Emma Borks, Sadie Kline; Messrs W. W. Knapp, F. H. Servick, Jason Eldridge, James Bascomb, Will. Seldon.

To all who asked for songs, etc., I will reply by letter. Gratefully,

STEPHANA.

Recipes.

A REMEDY FOR DYSPEPSIA.

Wash and dry the lining of chicken gizzards then chew and swallow a piece of them immediately after eating. This is very simple yet a hopeless dyspepsia invalid told me that it had accomplished good for her.—LOYAL DAUGHTER.

Exchanges Wanted.

O. H. Peck, of Colorado Springs, Col., will exchange petrified woods, minerals, etc., for books, etc.

THE SWEET SEX.

Patent Eyebrows—Chances a Girl Takes When She Wants to Look Pretty.

St. Louis Post.

"Two eyebrows indifferent, badly put on,' concluded a young lady, talking with true feminine charity of a fair sister then going through the mazes of a lancers on the middle of the floor.

"What do you mean?" said the reporter, judging from the suppressed information in the lady's looks that she had a story to tell.

"Why, they are a misfit."

A long look, a steady look, and a look altogether at the eyebrows in question did indeed indicate a something wrong about them, but what it was was not so evident.

"Do you really mean that they are false?"

"I do."

"And that the resource of civilization have put within the reach of lovely women the means of circumventing nature when the good dame is parsimonious in the matter of eyebrow."

"Yes, that is what I mean."

"But how are they put on, and how are they kept on?"

"You would never understand it if you did not see how it was done; the process is called reinforcing the eyebrow. You know most girls have eyebrows as far as they go, but especially in blondes this feature is defective, while even brunettes would generally wish to have more eyebrow than they can grow naturally."

"Why?"

"Because it sets off the eye and takes off that appearance of boldness and bulginess which an unbrowed eye always has. If you ever see a young lady at her toilet, which of course you haven't, you will notice that the very last thing she does is to light a match and burn it so as to have as much charcoal as possible. This little crayon is wet with—with the dew on her rosebud lips, and drawn lightly and skilfully across her brows in the true arch of June. The black deposit is then rubbed in beneath the tiny hairs, having only the effect of darkness, and the result is enough to make the eyebrows stand out to the proper relative place in the precision of the features. Brunettes do this is as much as blondes. It is one touch of charcoal which makes all women kin."

"Then it is conventional to consider a heavy eyebrow pretty?"

"Yes it is more than conventional; it is so—just come with me and I will show you."

The scribe supposed for a wild second that he was about to be made an illuminati of the toilet, but as the young lady led the way to the conservatory rather than to the ladies' dressing-room he saw that he was once more foiled. The disappointment soured him, and he said, "Are there eye brows here?"

"No; but there are ear wigs, I reckon, which ought to be pretty nearly the same thing. This is what I wanted to show you," stopping before a plaster bust of Schiller, which was staring blindly and dampily out of a lot of cape jessamine bushes in an ingeniously incongruous situation; "old Schiller will do as a lay figure. Just look at his eyes."

"Yes, ma'am."

"Do you notice how flat the face is about the eye? Now it needs something to give it expression."

The interlocutor pretended that he had frequently laid awake at night grieving over the defects of this bust.

"Well, lend me your Faber No. 2 and I'll show you what is the matter with it," and in a moment the German bard was ornamented with a couple of well defined and nicely arched brows, which, with a touch of black about the eyelids brought the whole of the upper part of the face forward and gave it character and expression. The change from so slight a cause was a remarkable one and the reporter at once admitted that the feature was a more important one than he had hitherto believed.

"Yes," said she, handing back the pencil with exemplary honesty, "it sets a face off. Now, you know. I get that effect with charcoal. Jennie gets it with more hair. I don't see why I should hate her because she does, but I do, you know, so that settles it."

"Of course that settles it."

"It seems to me that it is more honest to darken what one has than to add to what one has, especially as their reinforced brows will not fit a person who has not a sharply-edged forehead, which I haven't. When they don't fit there is a sproggy look about them which is very unnatural and by which they can be detected at once."

"But how are they put on?"

"It is a very complicated process and an elaborate one. The eyebrows must be parted down the center, and this false bit, which is just an edge of hair carefully bandolined along the bottom, stuck in and combed lengthwise with the eyebrows. It is extremely difficult to do this properly, taking a great deal of time and trouble, and then when it is done the whole business may be brushed out by accident. A girl has to take a whole lot of chances any how, if she wants to look pretty."

"Are these reinforcers for sale at all the hair stores?"

"Why, of course they are. They have been in use now almost a year that I know of. I suppose that at least one girl out of every five here this evening has a pair on. Some of them you can't detect, but others you can."

"Is the custom general in this City?"

"I counted 200 pair at a recent hotel opening. It's something like the detection of symmetricals; once you learn to see them you can't see anything else."

"The Old Man Wants them Guns."

During the siege of Nashville a Confederate battery placed upon a hill was seriously annoying a part of Pap Thomas' line. Riding up to Col. James Brownlow, the old man said: "Col. Brownlow, I want them guns, and I want them bad," at the same time pointing with his sword to the offending battery. Drawing his sword and stepping out in front of line, Col. B. stepped in front of his regiment and said: "Men, the old man says he wants them guns, and wants them bad!" Everybody was silent for a moment, and then a six-footer in the ranks sung out, "Boys, if Old Pap wants those guns he oughter have them. Let's all chip in and buy them for him, for it looks mighty unhealthy up that way." A perfect storm of laughter swept along the line, and then the boys started up for the guns, and got them for the old man, though many a poor fellow who started for them never got back again.

Our Young Folks.

THE LAND OF USED-TO-BE.

And where's the Land of Used-to-be, does little baby wonder?
Oh, we will clap a magic saddle over papa's knee
And ride away around the world, and in and out and under
The whole of all the golden sunny Summertime, and see!

Leisurely and lazy-like we'll jostle on our journey,
And let the pony bathe his hooves and cool them in the dew,
As he scales down the shady way, and lags along the ferny
And the green grassy edges of the lane we travel through.

And then we'll canter on to catch the bubble of the thistle
As it bumps among the butterflies, and glimmers down the sun,
To leave us laughing, all content to hear the rot in whistle,
Or guess what Katydid is saying little Katy done.

And pausing here a minute, where we hear the squirrel chuckle
As he darts from out the underbrush and scampers up the tree,
We will gather buds and locust blossoms, leaves and honeysuckle,
To wreathe around our foreheads, riding into Used-to-be;

For here's the very rim of it that we go swinging over—
Don't you hear the fairy bugles, and the tinkle of the bells?
And see the baby bumble bees that tumble in the clover,
And dangle from the tilted pinks and tipsy pimpernels?

And don't you see the merry faces of the daffodillies,
And the jolly johnny-jump ups, and the buttercups a glee,
And the low, lolling ripples ring around the water-lillies,
All greeting us with laughter to the Land of Used-to-be!

And here among the blossoms of the blooming vines and grasses
With a haze forever hanging in a sky forever blue,
And with a breeze from over seas to kiss us as it passes,
We will romp around forever as the little fairies do;

For all the elves of earth and air are swarming here together—
The prankish Puck, King Oberon, and Queen Titania too;
And dear old Mother Goose herself, as sunny as the weather!
Comes dancing down the dewy walks to welcome me and you!

—*August Wilde Amsler.*

FEEDING THE SEALS AT THE ZOO.

BY G. B. GREENWOOD.

Our stay in London had been too short to allow us to visit all points of interest, and we had all to soon come to the last day of it, as we supposed, when, as we were busily packing, a telegram was handed us announcing a day's delay in the sailing of our steamer. We stopped folding clothes, shut the trunk, and with the instinct of veteran tourists, said, "Where shall we spend the rest of the day?"

"In the Zoo," was the answer.

And so, as speedily as possible, we started for the London Zoological Gardens, the finest in the world, superior even to the famous Jardin des Plantes in Paris, which we had visited but a few weeks before.

After paying our entrance fee of one shilling, or twenty five cents, we found ourselves in a magnificent park, beautifully laid out, with roads running in every direction, the greensward frequently decked with lovely flowers skilfully grouped, while in every direction in which the eye turned, one saw houses of various sizes and different orders of architecture, as well as tanks, ponds, yards and other enclosures for the numerous animals who find a home here.

In the snake-house the snakes were in partitions with glass windows, but we found but little satisfaction in looking through the glass, as the weather was not yet warm enough for these cold-blooded reptiles, and they were lying coiled up under the blankets provided them. We then came to a large tank in the open air, smelling like the briny deep, the water in which was at times in violent motion, though we could see no cause. A notice close by informed us that the seals in the tank would be fed at four o'clock.

We found a crowd collected around the seals' tank. A rude platform of boards rested on the water in the center, holding three wooden chairs, such as we see in the kitchen of farm-houses, with straight backs of wooden rods, rounding at the top. From this platform a plank led up to a wooden bench fixed in the branches of a tree shading the tank, on which two or three geese were lazily snoozing in the afternoon sun.

All this while the water was violently agitated, and our reflections were cut short by the sudden appearance of a seal's head above the water. The eye had a look of almost human intelligence as he gazed piercedly in one direction, and then disappeared as suddenly as he had appeared.

For a little time now all was quiet, then in a flash a seal had leaped over the low side of the tank and was gliding through the grass. We looked in wonder to discover what he used to propel himself with, having supposed his flippers were mere fishes' fins to be used as oars in the water; but now we learned that they were hands, feet and wings almost. It seemed to us, while the tail was at times a support, and again a rudder.

Whatever purpose the seal had in view in taking his

The Farm.

In this department we cordially invite questions, answers, and also short communications on agricultural topics, brief crop reports, etc., etc. Communications should be written legibly, and on one side of the paper only, and never on the same sheet with subscription letters. The full name and address should in all cases accompany the communication.

CHICKEN CHAT.

NO. 3.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm.

In reply to "Mrs. J. W. M." who asks about the color of fine Plymouth Rocks, I would say that they are dominique in color; have medium dark, cocks lighter. If your chicks are evenly and distinctly marked free from white or black feathers, or splashes of white, black, or brassy feathers in any part of the plumage, and have clear yellow bills and legs you may congratulate yourself on possessing some pretty good specimens of Plymouth Rocks. The Rocks are a "made breed," originating from a cross between the old fashioned Dominiques and the equally old-fashioned Black Javas that were common in New England farm yards 40 years ago; so you see they came honestly by their Dominique color. This Dominique colored plumage may not be quite so handsome and showy as that of some other breeds but like the old woman's calico dress "it will wear well and won't show dirt."

TO PREVENT CHICKEN CHOLERA.

Keep the houses, yards and all places where the chickens congregate clean. The houses can be kept clean by thorough ventilation, by covering the droppings under the roosts with dry road dust every morning, and removing two or three times a week, and by whitewashing two or three times during hot weather. Allow no stagnant water, no decomposing vegetable matter, no filth of any kind anywhere about the yard or on the premises. Keep the places where the fowls are in the habit of wallowing clean by spading or plowing up occasionally.

If your neighbors have cholera among their fowls use some disinfectants about your fowl house and yards daily, and give your fowls a tonic two or three times a week. The Douglas mixture is an excellent tonic for fowls and acts as a gentle stimulant to the liver. Give your fowls plenty of charcoal when cholera is feared but do not dose with anything else except the tonic that I have recommended. The astringent medicines that many poultry keepers pour down their luckless fowls' necks "to prevent cholera," do more harm than good. Also keep the fowls free from lice, give plenty of pure water, do not overfeed; give little or no whole corn during hot weather and give milk to drink if you can get it.

Of course I do not pretend to say that by following the above directions you will be able to keep your fowl stock entirely free from cholera, but I do say that cholera never stays long in yards where proper sanitary precautions are taken in due time. FANNY FIELD.

Garget in Cows.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm.

Can any of the BLADE readers tell what causes garget in cows, and the cure?—Mrs. MARY ENFIELD, Delta, O.

I have a cow which is troubled with garget in the udder. She will be affected in one of the hind teats for two or three days. Finally will get over it, and the milk will get good, then after a week or 10 days, the other hind teat and that portion of the udder will become caked as hard as can be, and the next morning the milk will come out in chunks or clots. After a few milkings she will get over it and the milk will be all right until a week or 10 days, when the other hind teat will take it. Now I do not want any remedy that will cure each individual case, but I would like a remedy which will eradicate the cause of the disease from her system so she will not be subject to it any more than as though she had never had it. I have tried saltpeter, tincture of aconite, and something else which I read in Chase's receipt book, but it amounted to nothing. Can any of the readers of the BLADE help me save an otherwise good cow from the butcher's block?—S. E. CHANDLER, Minneapolis, Minn.

An Exterminator for Chinch Bugs.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

I think I have found an exterminator of those pests, chinch bugs. Land which I manured last Fall, with a coverlid droppings, and sowed to wheat this Spring I observe, has not been injured by them, while that not manured from cover feed is full of them. Please publish, so farmers all over the country can experiment and report. A plain remedy, if true, will prove a god send to this big-pestered country. Yours Truly,

McGregor, Ia. HARVEY LOCK.

Apple Tree Borer.

To A. W. KAHN: Your trees being free from worms, draw earth several inches high, smooth and evenly around them. Remove the hillock late in the Fall or early in the Spring. The eggs being deposited within an inch of the surface in the moist tender bark, the slings will show just where they are. Kill them, replace the earth. Repeat annually.—J. D. CHAMBERLIN, East Toledo.

A Remedy Wanted.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

I have a very good mare but she has one fault, that of carrying her tongue out of her mouth when driving. Instead of throwing it over the bit, she throws it under and then out. If some one can inform me of a way to break her they will confer a great favor.—F. C. Atwood, Cortland N. Y.

Roup in Turkeys.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

I would like to ask you if you know anything that will cure roup in turkeys. —Mrs. M. E. S., Morristown, N. Y.

The Science of Condensation.

President A. S. Welch, of the Iowa Agricultural College, starting in a public address with the statement that nearly all the processes of productive industry are only successive steps in the progress of condensation, developed his interesting and useful thought in this lucid way:

We turn the soil into grass, grass into milk, milk into cream and cream into butter, which is the final product in the series. Corn, which is a form of condensed soil, may itself be condensed into whisky, starch or glucose. The amount of twenty-eight pounds of glucose extracted from one bushel of corn is sold at twice the price and freighted at less than half the cost. Oats are condensed into oatmeal; sorghum into sugar; apples into cider; barley into beer; and so on without stint. Every step advances the price, diminishes the weight, and saves cost in carrying to market. But the ordinary form of condensation on the farm begins with the coarser crops and ends in the various animal products. Sheep, cattle hogs, and horses are condensed from the grasses and grains, and every step of the series all the way up from the soil to the thoroughbred, if rightly managed, brings its legitimate profit, the final gain being the comparatively inexpensive conveyance to market which comes from large values packed into reduced magnitudes. By this constant crowding of value into smaller dimensions is shown not only in the transformation of the coarser into the finer commodities but also in the improvement of the animals themselves. A Texas steer and a high grade Shorthorn are freighted to market at the same rates, while the one brings double the price of the other when they get there.

The waste that comes from the excessive making of what is called offal is the grand cause of failure on the farm. It absorbs food and time, it costs everything and brings nothing. It is fully as expensive to raise horns and white leather as to raise marketable muscle. The price is different, but the freight the same. Some farmers display great talent in the production of offal. They raise hay that is all woody fibre, apples that are all core, corn that is all cob, and cattle that are all head and horns and gristle and tail. They stigmatize the skill and care that diminishes the core, the cob and the overweighted bone to increase the saleable parts as fancy farming. Now the whole scope and purpose of improvement, both in the animal and vegetable kingdom, is simply to reduce to the smallest compass consistent with strength the unsaleable portions, and to enhance the quality and size of the saleable ones. The crab apple and the Northern Spy, the choke pear and the Flemish Beauty, the mustang pony and the Arabian mare, the Florida cow with her shrunken udder and the Jersey that fills the pail, are samples of the opposite extremes in the different series. The one result sought in breeding, practiced as an art, is to rise from the lower end of each series up toward the higher.

The model Shorthorn cow is a sample of closely compacted values—a treasure of the most nutritive food so packed as to secure the highest prices and cheapest transportation. She is developed to fullness of quality just where the epicure finds and pays for the most delicate roast or sirloin steak. And those portions of her body which the butcher considers superfluous are condensed to just within the limits of size and strength which are indispensable to the economy of animal life. In the gradual progress of condensation to which she has been subjected through many generations, her horns have been made rudimentary, and her head shaped after the best model, and her bones brought to the fineness and strength of steel. And the policy that has effected this striking result rests on the following reasons: 1. The offal absorbs for its growth and support a portion of the food which the animal consumes, consequently the greater the volume of offal the greater the amount of food wasted in feeding. 2. A large and coarse offal is almost invariably accompanied by coarse muscle. Capacious offal carries inferior beef. 3. Large and coarse offal usually goes along with a scanty development of valuable parts. Hence it indicates a lack, not only in quality, but also in quantity of marketable beef. 4. Heavy offal is rarely accompanied by the fattening quality. The cow or ox whose carcass is overweighted with offal will not, as a general thing, take on fat easily.

Hints on Managing Fowls.

Fowls frequently become troublesome about the gardens and yards, rendering them untidy and disagreeable, and yet there is a feeling that this must be borne for the sake of the fowls. They cannot be dispensed with, while at the same time they are felt to be a nuisance. Now, with a little care and forethought, much of this unpleasantness may be avoided. The fowls must have a suitable home, a yard set apart for their occupation, where they are fed and watered daily, with a certain area for them to roam over. Here they should be taught to remain, and be left there in undisturbed repose. Everything must have a home, and for no farm stock is this more necessary than for fowls. The land and water birds must not be mixed, for one annoys the other. Fowls are none the better for roaming in the gardens and destroying the growing vegetables and small fruits. They want their liberty, to be sure, but should be restricted to certain limits. This is easily done if begun early and persevered in.

There is a difference in breeds, however. The small ones are scratchers; the large, tramplers. Ducks are very destructive to gardens, besides rendering the yard about the doorstep untidy. Where the chickens are left when weaned from the mother hen will always be their favorite haunt. The runways where she has led them when nurslings will not be forgotten; therefore it is necessary that we train them in the commencement. This season's early chickens are already weaned, but they should not be left to look for themselves, but have a home and care. They should not be compelled to roost with the old fowls, lest they be picked and bruised, and receive injuries which are permanent.

Rapid growth and rapid feathering are needed to make fine fowls, and they must be stimulated to the fullest extent. This cannot be done if they are left to provide for themselves. At weaning the brood should be kept together as much as possible, as at this period, if not carefully watched, they are apt to become shy and wild; to dispense with their regular feeding, and run down. They should be left by the mother hen at the old home where they have always found the food and water. All fowls have strong attachments, and are fond of their home. Turkeys and ducks are great ramblers, and should be restrained. It is necessary for the thrift of the fowl to humor and control this habit as much as possible. The duck is just as contented with a shallow trough of water in a yard, as with a whole pond. The turkey is more impatient and difficult to control, still there are measures (if the confidence once be gained) whereby they may be governed. Their habits are generally regular.

The greatest amount of profit with the least trouble is found in keeping the common hen. She is always in profit when right. Therefore the chickens must be looked to, as they are the dependence for the next year's yield. The profit of the turkey ends with the fattened bird, while the hen gives a large yield of eggs. She supplies the table, and pays her mill bill, also her keeper for bringing the food and fresh water. With a little care and trouble, fresh eggs may be the rule the whole year. Few are willing to incur this trouble. The expense of keeping fowls is not very great. It is little or much, as we make it. Purchasing the food and throwing it out are not all that is necessary. There are many items that must be attended to which are essential. A lively interest is the main thing.—*C. B., in Country Gentleman.*

Horses' Legs.

It is a well-known fact that horses will work and remain sound for many years with legs apparently much out of order. Enlargements take place in the sheath of tendons after a strain; also from blows, where the parts become lined with a thick coat of lymph; and sometimes the body of the bone itself is found thickened from a deposition of bony lamina over the original bone. When all this has been in progress we question the propriety of any active measures, unless, as is generally the case, a feeling of soreness is exhibited after work by a shifting or favoring of the limb or limbs in the stall, or by a "feeling" manner of going on first being taken out of the stable. When the legs are really callous, little impression can be made upon them unless by active measures; but rest and proper attention are the best preservatives of these most essential members of the horse's frame, with the friendly auxiliaries of hot water, flannel bandages, and freedom in a box stall, after severe work, and good shoeing at all times. Provided no internal disease attacks the feet they will not only be as sound and healthy, but in better form, from having been properly shod, than if they had not been shod at all.

Some hoofs, however having a greater disposition to secrete horn than others, and thus called strong feet, should never remain more than three weeks without being subjected to the drawing-knife of the blacksmith, and the shoes properly replaced. Neither should stopping with damp tow be omitted, as moisture, not "wet," is beneficial to the health of the foot. Do what we may, however, horses that are required for work on hard roads or to "go the pace," will always be more or less subjected to diseased feet, quite unconnected with shoeing. The action of the hinder legs of horses reminds us of one useful hint to those who have to use their horses on long journeys. If we follow a well formed horse, with the free use of his limbs, on a road upon which his footsteps are imprinted, we shall find the hinder foot oversteps the fore foot in the walk, but falls behind it in the s'ow trot. Exclusive of relief to the muscle by change of action, then, it is safer to vary the pace from a walk to a slow trot on a journey, as causing less fatigue to the hock joint, by which curbs and spavins are frequently thrown out. Add to this, the slow trot is the safest pace a horse goes, because his step is the shortest.—*Exchange.*

The Sunday School.

Idolatry Punished.

LESSON 11, SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1881.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Little children, keep yourselves from idols. Amen.—1 John, 5:21.

LESSON TEXT.

Exod. 32: 26-35.

26. Then Moses stood in the gate of the camp, and said, Who is on the Lord's side? let him come unto me. And all the sons of Levi gathered themselves together unto him.

27. And he said unto them, Thus saith the Lord God of Israel, Put every man his sword by his side, and go in and out from gate to gate throughout the camp, and slay every man his brother, and every man his companion, and every man his neighbor.

28. And the children of Levi did according to the word of Moses: and there fell of the people that day about three thousand men.

29. For Moses had said, Consecrate yourselves to-day to the Lord, even every man upon his son, and upon his brother; that he may bestow upon you a blessing this day.

30. And it came to pass on the morrow, that Moses said unto the people, Ye have sinned a great sin; and now I will go up unto the Lord; peradventure I shall make an atonement for your sins.

31. And Moses returned unto the Lord, and said, Oh, this people have sinned a great sin, and have made them gods of gold.

32. Yet now, if thou wilt forgive their sin—; and if not, blot me, I pray thee, out of thy book which thou hast written.

33. And the Lord said unto Moses, Whosoever has sinned against me, him will I blot out of my book.

34. Therefore, now go, lead the people unto the place of which I have spoken unto thee: behold, mine Angel shall go before thee: nevertheless, in the day when I visit, I will visit their sin unto them.

35. And the Lord plagued the people, because they made the calf, which Aaron made.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

Who is on the Lord's side? (v 26). That is the test question to-day, as it has been always. Not, Who is on the popular side? not, Who is on the pleasant side? not, Who is on the money making side? not, Who is on the conservative side? not, Who is on the progressive side? but, Who is on the Lord's side? That question has its place and its force in the church as well as in the outside world. One must be willing to have his christian brethren call him an "old fogy" when he stands firm, or a "heretic" when he accepts new light at the call of God; he must consent to be sneered at as "strait-laced" because of his views on questions of morals; or to be looked at askance as "dangerously lax" because of his recognition of the law of love in judging the practice of others: he must incur the danger of open hostility or of silent ostracism if he would prove himself squarely on the Lord's side in times of church division and of ethical discussion. But that question comes with greatest power to those who have not yet formally decided on which side they are, in the great struggle of the universe. If the Lord Jesus were to speak out of Heaven this hour, and say, "All those who are ready to be on my side at every risk and at every cost, will step to the right of the line I now point out; those who remain on the other side, I must count as against me," what would be your course? Would you step over that line and show yourself on the Lord's side? If you would, why don't you do it now? That is just the decision you are called to at this time.

Slay every man his brother, and every man his companion, and every man his neighbor (v 27). Does that sound hard? Of course it does. Sin is a bad business, and it makes wretched work in the world. But is it unnatural to demand that one should be ready to oppose brother, companion and neighbor, even unto death, when God's truth is at stake? (of course it isn't! It is only thoughtlessness or wickedness that claims that this is unnatural. Why, in our own day, we have seen a civil war wherein brother stood out against brother, and father against son, in bloody contest, and this under a pressure of conscience, and without the element of personal bitterness necessarily entering into the conflict between relatives. During the long siege of Petersburg, two Maryland regiments—one Federal and one Confederate—were over against each other. At a time of truce, a father in the one regiment and a son in the other, met and embraced tenderly, then went back to their lines ready for the death struggle with one another. All who saw that, said it was hard; but none said it was strange that a man could put his duty to his country above mere family ties. Would not any true man stand out against his brother, even to the death, if that brother were seeking to murder his own mother? And shall not God be worthy of as much love and honor as a mother? He who says that he would justify or permit any wrong that those dear to him might commit, is not to be trusted by God or man.

Consecrate yourselves to-day to the Lord, . . . that he may bestow upon you a blessing. (v 29). If you say you are on the Lord's side prove it. If you are his in one thing, be his in all things. There are a great many who call themselves on the Lord's side when they want daily bread or daily protection, who hesitate to stand out against brother and neighbor, when the time of trying division for conscience sake comes. But when one is willing to be wholly the Lord's, the Lord is ready to honor and use him—to bestow upon him a peculiar and an abundant blessing. The reason why so many of us accomplish so little for the Lord is, that we are only partially consecrated to the Lord. We are his for Sundays and Wednesday evenings; or for him in one line or another of thought and conduct; or for him in all lines but one. Mr. Moody has said that "the world has yet to see the power of one man wholly consecrated to God." Uncle Johnny Vassar, or David Livingston, or Martin Luther, or some such man as that, gives us a glimpse of the possibilities of one who is consecrated to the Lord. What a pity that such illustrations are so exceptional! "Consecrate yourself to-day to the Lord, that he may bestow upon you a blessing."

Moses said unto the people, Ye have sinned a great sin . . . And Moses returned unto the Lord, and said, Oh, this people have sinned a great sin (v 30, 31). Moses was as faithful in his words to the people, whom he loved, as he was faithful in his words for them. He was as plain-spoken to them as he was to God when he talked about them. He said to their faces what he said behind their backs. There is no real fidelity without fearless truth-speaking. It is not kindness for one whom we love who has done wrong, to gloss his sin over as if, after all, he were not so much to blame for it; or as if it were an open question whether he did right or wrong. The true way is to let him understand plainly, that the trouble with him is not his circumstances or his misjudgment, but his sin; not his being tempted, but his guilty yielding to temptation. Many a child, and many a man or woman, is hindered from seeing the wrong as wrong, and from recognizing his or her sin as sin, by the failure of parent or friend to say lovingly and plainly, "You have sinned a great sin." Without a confidence of sin there will be no penitence, no seeking of forgiveness, no turning away with abhorrence from the guilt of transgression.

If thou wilt forgive their sin—; and if not, blot me, I pray thee, out of thy book (v 32). There is all the difference in the world between sharing another's sin, and sharing the consequences of another's sin. The one is always base; the other may be truly noble. A man may oppose with all his power the wrong course of his partner, or his brother, or his child, or his father, and then when the blow falls on the guilty one he may quietly share in the punishment without attempting to screen himself at the other's cost, or he may permit it all to come on himself unjustly, rather than expose the one he loves by asserting his own freedom from complicity with the wrong. Never does Moses appear in a grander and more admirable light than while thus pleading with God to spare these sinful people, or to let him die with them. So long as God's honor was at stake, Moses could stand out against his own brother to the death. With God's honor vindicated, Moses was ready to die for any one of that sinful people whom he led. The truest devotion to another will never consent to do wrong for the loyal one; but it will be ready to suffer wrong to the utmost for that object of affection.

Whosoever hath sinned against me, him will I blot out of my book (v 33). We cannot take another's guilt. We cannot lift sin and its consequences from the soul of the one whom we love dearest. A mother may wish and pray that she might die for her poor reprobate boy; but his sin is not on her soul; it is on his, and there it must remain. So in every case where one would gladly take all the penalty of a dear one's misdoing. God holds each soul responsible for its own transgressions, and the penalty must fall where the sin rested. We cannot bear one another's sins. Moses—friend of God as he was—could not bear on his soul the sins of the people whom he loved. God held them all, God holds us all, individually to account for individual sins. But there is One whom God permits to be a Sin Bearer for others. "There is one God and mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus." He died for sinners—the just for the unjust; and "the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all." Through him alone can we have forgiveness for our sins.

And the Lord plagued the people because they made the calf, (v 35). Forgiveness does not do away with all the earthly consequences of the sin forgiven. The unconditional pardon of a murderer would neither bring back his victim to life nor take from him all cause of regret and suffering as a result of his crime. Transgression always injures a man. He will in some way feel its sad consequences so long as he lives. Nothing could be more foolish than for us to suppose that we could do wrong and be forgiven for it, and that would be the end of it. It wouldn't be the end of it. The sin itself, the guilt of the sin, God would put an end to, would put out of sight and thought forever, by his act of forgiveness, but the earthly consequences of that sin must continue so long as earth continues. And God must give a child of his new treatment and a new training because of his every new experience in sin. The man who has been found guilty of crime must not wonder that he is distrusted long after he has served out his term of legal punishment. Nor can a man expect to be as strong, as sensitive, or as spotless, at the point of his former failures in integrity, as if he had never yielded to temptation just there. If we consent to yield to sin; we have got to suffer because of our sinning—to suffer here in the flesh even when we are forgiven of God for our transgression. Sin is a terrible thing—even in view of its gracious forgiveness.—*H. Clay Trumbull, S. S. Times.*

A FIND OF THE "QUEER."

A Reasonable Presumption That Counterfeit Coin is Being Made in Cincinnati.

CINCINNATI, Aug. 26.—A collection of counterfeit coin was found yesterday in rather a remarkable manner and place by a lad named Jacob Cohen, whose parents reside at 322 West Fifth street. He was playing in a sawdust heap in the rear of the building on Third street, between John and Smith, which is occupied as a vinegar factory by George C. Ware, when he noticed something glitter beneath his foot. He picked it up, and was properly astonished at seeing the noble "buzzard" that is supposed to adorn the dollar of his dads staring him in the face. His eyes enlarged somewhat in the next few moments of time, for, on raking up the dust of years which had accumulated in that back yard, he found 10 more. Then running home he informed his father of the discovery, and the parent at once conducted him to the Central Station, where the story was told to Col. Gessert, who dispatched Messenger Schnucks to the place to see if any more discoveries could be made. In all 22 pieces were brought to light. How they came there is a mystery which as yet has not been solved. They are of exactly the same pattern as some that have been going the rounds lately, and are of a deceiving style, which could be easily passed off in the rush and hurry of a busy bar. From the amount now in circulation, it is reasonable to suppose that the manufacture of the stuff is in progress in this City, or at least in the vicinity.

JUSTICE IN NEW JERSEY.

A Civil Justice Offers to Knock Down Any Man Who Calls Him a Pig.

NEW YORK, Aug. 25.—In Justice Paulin's Court, in Newark, yesterday, an exciting scene occurred. Ex-Alderman Harrison was sued for a printing bill for election tickets ordered when he ran for office some years ago. He appeared with his lawyer, James A Dempsey, and denied ever having ordered the work. The collector for the printer testified that what Harrison swore to was "unqualifiedly false," as he, the collector had presented an itemized bill to Harrison at least a dozen times, and that the defendant not only did not question its correctness but had agreed to pay it.

Lawyer Dempsey argued that although the ex-Alderman had promised to pay the bill, yet he could not be held under the Revised Statutes of New Jersey, because the promise was not in writing, and in proof of his position he poked under the nose of the Justice that section of the Statutes bearing upon fraud and perjury. A verdict was given for the plaintiff.

"Young man, I admire your courage in daring to bring a law book into a Justice's court," remarked lawyer James H. Boylan who was present.

"Is like throwing pearls to swine," answered Dempsey, walking out.

"Who do you call swine?" shouted Justice Paulin in the highest pitch of his voice, and added:

"If you call me a pig in this court I won't stand it, and I'll knock you down" and the Justice made a race after the lawyer, who hastily made his exit down stairs into the street.

"Don't you dare, sir, to come to this court again to practice," shouted the offended Justice; "and, if I had the power, I would commit you for contempt."

ROLLING MILL MEN.

Many of Them Leaving Cincinnati for the South.

CINCINNATI, Aug. 26.—The rolling mill men are fast departing from this locality. An unexpected demand for their labor has sprung up in the South, and many are going to try their fortunes there. Yesterday an agent for a mill at Chattanooga completed arrangements for taking 10 union men of Covington and Newport to that place. He signed an agreement for his principal by which the men are guaranteed wages 10 per cent. above the Pittsburg scale. He is credited with having said that for two or three years past they have been trying to work the mill with non-union workmen and have found it a flat failure. Several mills in Alabama are likewise negotiating for men here and are likely to secure them.

The men are hopeful, indeed, that the development of the iron interests of the South, so long deferred, has at last begun, and believe that as the business prosperity of that part of the country increases, a new field of labor is opening for themselves.

Drouth in Kentucky.

BARDSTOWN, Aug. 24.—It is now nearly two months since rain fell in this vicinity. The effect of such a drouth on corn and grass may be imagined. Farmers report that rain even yet, would help late corn. Water for domestic purposes is becoming exceedingly scarce, and many farmers are compelled to drive their stock three or four miles to water.

The distillers throughout the County are hesitating and undecided whether to go into active operations or not the coming season. The advance in corn, dull market for whisky and large quantities in bond are reasons advanced for temporary suspension. Some few distillers, who have made contracts for corn, will run on reduced capacities. Should the present advance in corn be maintained it is safe to say the coming season's product will not be over one-half of the past season.

A Tragedy with a Romance.

LITTLE ROCK, August 26.—A bloody tragedy took place yesterday in Jefferson County, a short distance from Pine Bluff. Mix Battle, Harry Rogers and Wm Bell, all colored men, loved the same girl, and she was unable to decide which she preferred. The men resorted to a game of cards to settle the matter, and a dispute arose concerning the girl, which resulted in the killing of Bell by Battle who was urged to the deed by Rogers. Battle mounted Bell's horse and escaped, leaving Rogers to take the girl. A posse of 12 men from Pine Bluffs are in pursuit of the murderer.

Prof. Horsford's Baking Powder.

M. H. Henry, M. D., the celebrated family physician of New York, says: "The use of Prof. Horsford's Baking Powder offers admirable means for the introduction of a valuable element into the system, with the food of every-day life."

A YOUNG WIFE'S SUICIDE.

One of the Favored Few Ending a Bright Career.

The Daughter of a Wealthy Lawyer Sends a Bullet Through Her Brain.

NEW YORK, Aug. 24.—The Star says: St. Cloud's settlement, Orange Mountain, New Jersey, was the scene of a domestic tragedy on Saturday evening, when Mrs. Daisy Oakes Dudley, daughter of Mr. W. J. A. Fuller, the law partner of Hon. Leon Abbett, shot herself. The bullet entered the right temple, crossed the brain at an angle of 45 degrees, came out on the left side of the head, and was imbedded in the wall about two feet above where the lady had stood. On the 9th of June, 1880, Miss Fuller, who was then scarcely 19 years old, was married to Mr. Francis H Dudley, a member of a firm of importers of canned goods, at No 171 Duane street, this City. The nuptials were celebrated with all the pomp which wealth could command, in the Church of the Holy Innocents St. Cloud. Rev. T. J. Danner officiating. The edifice was artistically trimmed with flowers and evergreens, and the effect was most picturesque. After the ceremony a grand reception took place in the Summer residence of the bride's parents in Ridgway avenue. The groom was then in his 24th year.

The marriage, it seems, did not prove a happy one. Almost from the first the young bride complained of neglect on the part of her husband. She lived an unhappy life; was really disappointed in her marriage. When herself and husband were together they seemed a devoted couple. The young wife loved him with all a woman's heart; but his love in turn seemed to be childish in its nature. Oftentimes he was inattentive to his wife, and seemed ratuer to enjoy the society of male companions. He was not coarse, however, in his inattentions. On Saturday afternoon, Mr. and Mrs. Dudley were making arrangements to drive to the railway depot, at Orange, to meet her brother, Bayard C. Fuller, whom she had invited to come and spend the Sabbath with her.

Mr. Dudley had the horse and covered buggy at the door, and so informed his wife. She desired him so get the basket phaeton instead, but he refused. This led to a quarrel, during which Mr. Dudley started to go down stairs, leaving his wife in their bed-room. She had her hat on, but made no movement to follow him. When he reached the hall below he heard the report of a pistol, and, hastening back up stairs, he found his wife lying supinely in the room, her head pierced with a bullet and blood flowing freely from the wound.

She had fallen into a closet and was unconscious. She remained unconscious until her death, which occurred at midnight. The family physician, Dr. Pierson, of Orange, and Dr. Richards were summoned. Dr. Pierson pronounced the case hopeless. A Star reporter visited the scene of the tragedy yesterday and ascertained the facts to be as already stated. The house is one of the eight pretty cottages erected by Mrs. Dudley's father a few years ago, in the St. Cloud settlement, and is beautifully located on the summit of the mountain almost within hailing distance of the old Meicrhoeffer cottage, on the Northfield road.

At the time of their marriage, Mr. Fuller presented his wife with the cottage for her summer residence. The unfortunate lady is highly spoken of by the people of St. Cloud. She was a very beautiful woman of Grecian cast of countenance, dark brown hair and large sparkling eyes.

"When a child Mrs. Dudley was subject to hysteria," said a female friend whom the reporter met at the house; "she was nervous and impulsive. She had made arrangements on Saturday to spend the evening at my house with her brother and husband, so that the deed of self-destruction could not have been premeditated. Evidently she was temporarily insane. She had no cause whatever for the rash act."

County Physician Hewlett ascertained from Mr. Dudley all about the quarrel on account of the basket phaeton, and his story was confirmed by a domestic in the house who overheard what took place between her master and mistress.

"The basket phaeton," said another friend of the family to the reporter, "was the straw which broke the camel's back. Of itself, it was no reason why the woman should commit suicide, but it was the culmination of unpleasantness which had been occurring for more than a year. The woman could not bear the indifference of her husband."

The weapon with which the deed was committed was a Smith & Wesson. The bullet weighed a quarter of an ounce. Some months ago the residence of Mrs. Dudley's father was burglarized and a large quantity of jewelry and silverware stolen. Since then Mrs. Dudley has had a revolver in her bedroom. She kept it at the head of her bed, ready to pepper some midnight intruder. She used the weapon exclusively, and was not afraid to discharge it.

Mr. Dudley seemed to feel the situation keenly. He told the country physician that for several nights his wife was sleepless and restless and desired some persons to procure laudanum for her to induce sleep. It was deemed best, however, not to allow her to use it. Her father, mother and five sisters are in Europe. She has a sister Summering at the Adirondacks and a brother living in San Francisco.

Her remains will be embalmed and will not be finally interred until her relatives shall have been heard from. Rev. Mr. Danner, who officiated at her marriage, will preach the funeral oration in the Church of the Holy Innocents, but it is not decided as yet when the obsequies will take place. County Physician Hewlett, on ascertaining all the facts, decided not to order an inquest, and granted a burial permit.

NORMAN HORSES.

Mr. Dunham, of Illinois, Imports 211 at One Time.

NEW YORK, Aug. 26.—The steamship "City of Limerick" has arrived, having on board 211 Norman horses, the largest shipment made by any one vessel, which are consigned to M. W. Dunham, of Wayne, Ill. There are 97 stallions, 50 mares and 64 one year old colts. Among the stallions are a number of prize winners in their class. Great interest has been manifested by horsemen throughout the country over the announcement of this large importation of Norman stock. During the voyage three horses and one colt died.

They will leave by special train, (30 cars) at noon for Wayne, Ill., the home of the owner, where are now collected one fifth of all the imported French horses now in America. This shipment is said to be one tenth of all the horses imported from France during the past 45 years, one third of all having been imported by Mr. Dunham. The steamship "City of Limerick" was chartered in May last and especially fitted out in London to carry this great consignment of Percheron-Norman horses to the United States.

The Water Famine in Richmond.

RICHMOND, Aug. 23.—Water for the City was supplied between 6 P. M. and midnight. The old canal, now only used to supply water to the iron works, flouring mills and several other establishments, was cut to night by order of the Mayor, and water turned into the dam in James river, from which the City water works obtains its supply. This action makes necessary the suspension of these works and entails great loss, as well as throwing thousands of workmen out of employment.

Ponder on these Truths.

Torpid kidneys and constipated bowels are the great causes of chronic diseases. Kidney Wort has cured thousands. Try it and you will add one more to their number. Habitual costiveness afflicts millions of the American people. Kidney Wort will cure it. Kidney Wort has cured kidney complaints of thirty years standing. Try it. See adv.

POLITICAL MOVES.

MASSACHUSETTS GREENBACKERS.

WORCESTER, Aug. 24.—After recess an effort was made to introduce a bill giving employes in factories a share in the profits in proportion to wages, when profits amounted to more than six per cent., but the whole subject was laid over till morning.

The preamble and platform were then reported. The platform repudiates and stigmatizes the two old parties, monopolies generally, national banks, railroads, etc., and generally conforms to previous Greenback platforms. The Convention adopted the platform after adding the following:

"*Resolved*, That suffrage is the right of all citizens, without regard to race, color, sex or taxes."

It was voted to proceed to an informal ballot for a candidate for Governor. Lichtman presented the name of Israel W. Andrews and moved his nomination by acclamation. Other delegates nominated Jas. M. Buffman, O. W. Doherty, Gen B F Butler, John I. Baker and Wendell Phillips.

Nomication for Governor, Israel W. Andrews; for Lieutenant Governor, Geo. Dutton.

NEW YORK GREENBACKERS.

ELMIRA, N. Y., Aug. 24.—The Greenback State Convention reassembled at 9 o'clock, Furbish, Temporary Chairman, presiding. The call of delegates was submitted by the Committee on Credentials. Much excitement and confusion followed as attempt to make the temporary organization permanent. The effort was defeated, amid cries of "Snap game," "Wont stand it." The Committee to report permanent officers then retired.

A resolution was adopted sympathizing with the President, denouncing the act of the assassin and declaring it the result of the spoils system.

Clinton Furbish was then chosen Permanent Chairman. Recess.

ELMIRA, Aug. 24.—The following ticket was nominated unanimously with one or two exceptions: Secretary of State, Epicitus Howe; Comptroller, John Hooper; Attorney General, Dennis Fealy; Treasurer, Allen G. Woods; Surveyor-General, Z. H. Gould; Associate Judge Court of Appeals, L. G. McParlan.

The platform says: "While the Republican and Democratic parties exist the country will remain divided in two great hostile political camps, in both of which the people will be governed by sectional prejudices instead of reason and judgment—because the people of the South hate the Republican party for wrongs they claim that party has brought upon secession; while the people of the North despise the Democratic party for its cowardice on all questions of public interest and its utter lack of principles or policy."

THE SPRAGUE TROUBLES.

A New Version of the Shotgun Story—Ammunition for the Divorce Fight.

Boston Globe.

PROVIDENCE, Aug. 17.—Winchester Britton, Mrs. Sprague's lawyer, in a recent interview on the shotgun affair at Canonchet, said that from his own knowledge Mr. Conkling had been misrepresented. The latter had made a statement to him which, until disproved, he was bound to consider as a correct version of the episode. Mr. Conkling, he said, was in a sleeping apartment over the veranda, when he heard some one exclaim, "He's got three charges in his gun," and, glancing out of the window, he saw the German tutor Linke, going off the premises by the back room, pursued by Sprague. Later, Conkling met Sprague. The latter had been down towards the pier and had just returned. Conkling said: "Sprague, what makes you behave so? You act like a crazy man." Sprague, so Mr. Britton said, threw his arms up in the air and went off on a tangent about insanity and of his being incarcerated as a madman. Mr. Conkling was not menaced with a shotgun, and left Canonchet in a quiet, peaceable way. He did not know until afterwards what made the Governor so irascible when the words "insane man" were uttered, learning from some one that talk had been made about Trustee Chafee causing Sprague to be shut up on the ground of lunacy. Mr. Britton further averred that Conkling went to Canonchet on Sprague's own business affairs, and not that alone was the reason of his being there.

In regard to the divorce Mr. Britton said that a large number of depositions had been taken tending to support the allegations of adultery against the Governor, which were of such a nature that Sprague could not refute them. They had not been filed as yet, nor would they be until the date of the trial had been assigned; then they would become part of the records. Against these depositions the Governor could make no defense. The evidence was as damning as it was undeniable.

SPOTTED TAIL'S LAST RITES.

His Wives Driving His Funeral Wagon and Naked Mourners in the Procession.

OMAHA, Aug. 24.—Advices to the Omaha Bee from the Rosebud Agency gives the details of the burial of Spotted Tail. The body of Spotted Tail lay in state two days, and was then placed in a rough wooden box, the best that could be obtained at the Agency, and taken to a church in a lumber wagon, one of his wives sitting on the coffin holding one line, while the other wives were walking beside the wagon holding the other line. Mourners to the number of 15, all naked, but unarmed, followed the wagon. On arriving at the church the mourners took front seats, and listened to the Episcopal burial service in their own language. Spotted Tail was buried on a hill overlooking the Agency. Over $100 was raised toward procuring a suitable monument. Before his death Spotted Tail said:

"I never fought the whites except to secure justice to my people. Never killed a white woman or child, nor allowed it to be done by another when in my power to prevent it."

Gov. Sprague in Possession of the Quidnick Property.

PROVIDENCE, August 24.—Judge Potter definitely set down the hearing for permanent injunctions in the Quidnick Company's equity suits against Trustee Chaffee for September 26. Gov. Sprague went to Quidnick and Arctic armed with legal authority and obtained possession of all the Quidnick property in both Towns, ousting the old superintendents and putting in new ones.

Secret Meeting of Oil Refiners.

CLEVELAND, August 25.—A large number of representatives of oil refineries, outside of the Standard Company, have been in secret session here yesterday and to-day. Refiners are present from Buffalo, Pittsburg, Parkersburg and other places, and all independent refineries in this section are represented. The proceedings are kept very close, and nothing can be learned of the object or what has been done. It is supposed a combination is being formed in opposition to the Standard.

A New Enemy for Farmers.

NEW YORK, Aug. 26.—A worm resembling the ordinary corn grub has appeared about Goshen, and is ruining grass fields. It burrows in the ground just beneath the surface and eats off the roots of the grass. Its presence is detected by spots of brown grass that look as if scorched. The sward can be lifted from the surface, revealing the grubs beneath. Many fields are swept cleaner than could be done with a scythe, and farmers are becoming alarmed. The same grubs are eating the potatoes in the ground in many localities.

A girl at Lynn, Iowa, went to a picnic with her lover instead of going to prayer meeting, as her father had ordered. The parent cuffed her to a post on her return, and gave her such a whipping that she died next day.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

The London "Times" Says Late Rains Have Ruined the Harvest.

THE HARVEST RUINED.

LONDON, Aug. 26.—The Times says with each day there is less hope of a good harvest. The weather has tur

News of the Week.

TELEGRAPHIC CONDENSATIONS.

Oysters have opened at New York at $1 a gallon, solid.

Numerous cases of lunacy caused by the comet are reported.

The Railroad Commissioners of Iowa cost the State $14,000 a year.

North Carolina mines have yielded $1,000,000 in the past five years.

A new oil field of 50,000 acres has been discovered in Elk County, Pa.

No negros to be admitted to the Tennessee University at Knoxville.

Montreal canaries are dying by the wholesale from a canary distemper.

There was a $70,000 fire in Arkansas City yesterday, with trifling insurance.

Rev. Father Plasch was yesterday consecrated Bishop of Lacrosse, at Milwaukee.

A London paper says Dean Stanley was once a suitor for the hand of Jenny Lind.

The striking switchmen at Hornellsville have resumed work at the old wages.

A woman in Lebanon, Pa., aged 84, is insured on the speculative plan for $165,000.

Workmen boring a well at Homer, N. Y., struck oil after drilling through 30 feet of solid rock.

Messages of 20 words, exclusive of address, can be sent from any one part of England to another for 25 cents.

Mayor Grace, of New York, has removed the Police Commissioners, after a trial, on charges of failing to keep the streets clean.

Mrs. Hayes' portrait, presented by the women of the United States, cost $3,000. It was painted by Daniel Huntington, of New York.

Alex Guthreaux, formerly Sheriff at New Orleans, who was under bail at Toronto for robbing jewelry stores, has disappeared.

A Berne dispatch says: By order of the Federal Council the Nihilist Russian Prince, Krapotkine, has been expelled from Switzerland.

A reunion took place at Harrisburg, Pa., last night, of the soldiers' orphans graduates of the State. There were over 400 graduates present.

It is reported that Tisza, Hungarian Premier, has officially warned provincial authorities to guard against secret Panslavic agitation in Hungary.

Perry Mason and Alexander Wilson, two colored men in jail at Monroe, La., charged with murder, were taken out by disguised men and hanged.

A St. Petersburg dispatch states that the Russian Government will ask the extradition of Leo Hartman, the dynamitist, from the United States.

Gen. Leslie Combs was the youngest of 12 children, and volunteered when he was 18, traveling a long distance on foot and alone to reach the army.

On British railroads the guards are sworn in as Constables of every county through which the line passes—an obvious convenience in case of a row.

A Dublin dispatch says: The Land League received £1,315 the past week. Fifty pounds was granted the two Wheelans acquitted of the Boyd murder.

At Clinton, Ill., the Circuit Court will try Geo. Hale, a saloonist of Bloomington, who is under 204 indictments for selling liquor to minors and others.

Gambetta has written a letter to some leading statesmen of the Left party in the Chamber of Deputies deprecating Italian alliance with Germany and Austria.

The members of the Methodist Ecumenical Conference, which is to meet in London next week, number 400, equally divided between Europe and America.

A basket left at the Midland railway station, London, by two men who immediately decamped, was found to contain a large quantity of gunpowder and cartridges.

Many of the great English towns have taken advantage of the cheapness of money to fund their debts on better terms—some as low as 3½ per cent. against a previous 5 per cent.

It is said Rev. George Granville Bradley, M. A., Master of University College, Oxford, and some time Honorary Chaplain to the Queen, has accepted the Deanery of Westminster.

Miss Nellie Curtis, of Topeka, is training six horses on the Des Moines track for a 15-mile race with Miss Minnie Pigneo, of Colorado, at the Iowa State Fair, for a purse of $3,000.

The Indiana, Bloomington & Western Railway Company offers a reward of $500 for the conviction of the man who tied the boy Cantwell to the track and caused his death by mutilation.

Ned Buntline(E. Z. C. Judson) lives in the little Town of Stanford, in the Catskill Mountains. He is 60 years old, short and fat, walks with a limp and a cane, and wears blue clothes and brass buttons.

Charles Wright has been arrested at Chicago, charged with embezzling $5,000 from Fred S. James & Co., insurance agents, for whom he was cashier. He has confessed, attributing his fault to gambling.

A barge belonging to Speed & Graves, of Memphis, sprung a leak this morning while lying at the East St. Louis elevator, and sunk. She was laden with sacked corn and oats, valued at $15,000, which is a total loss.

It is stated in various papers that "ex Sen. Bruce will give a month's work to the campaign in Indiana." As there will be no general election in Indiana until November, 1882, this announcement is a little premature.

There are 30 graveyard insurance companies in Harrisburg, Pa., one of which has within eight months issued policies representing $15,000,000. Judge Pearson has again charged the Grand Jury in regard to these vile frauds.

Helm & Cheesman's warehouse at Aberdeen, O., burned last night. Loss, $3,500. A storage of leaf tobacco belonging to Dryden & Co., $6,000; and to True & Son, $2,000, was destroyed. Aggregate loss about $12,000; insurance, partial.

H. O Armour, of New York, wants the public to understand that there is no corner in August wheat, but that a shortage equal to our entire export of last year has brought prices to a fair level. He thinks corn will fall below an average crop by 300,000,000 to 400,000,000 bushels.

The colored Press Association met in Chicago yesterday, 18 papers being represented. Resolutions were adopted demanding the opening of Oklahama Territory to Freedmen of the United States, for the support of the Mahone movement in Virginia, and for the employment of colored teachers in colored schools.

At a meeting in Chicago of the Western Trunk Lines Passenger Association formal notice was given to the Erie, New York Central, and Baltimore & Ohio Roads that all unauthorized deductions must be settled in cash by September 1; otherwise the Western roads will not receive passenger tickets issued by the delinquents.

Father Ryan, the pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Duquque, Ia., has been appointed Vicar General to the Dubuque Diocese by Bishop Hennessy. The German Catholics, who comprise about half the Catholic population of the diocese, are said to be very much dissatisfied at the appointment. They think that a clergyman of their own nationality ought to be appointed to the position.

The population of Austria-Hungary was 35,884,389 in 1869, and 37,129,967 in 1876—Austria having 21,565,435 and Hungary 15,564,526. By the recent census the population of the empire is 37,741,413, or about 1,000,000 larger than that of France, and 2,080,000 larger than that of Great Britain. The increase in Hungary during the decade was very small, only one ninth of one per cent.

Vanderbilt's income from Government bonds is $2,700 a day.

The general elections in Germany are fixed for the end of October.

Mr. Peter Herdic is in Omaha to start a line of coaches in that city.

Thirteen female physicians are practicing in Clayton County, Iowa.

The Douglas monument at Chicago, with the ground, cost $97,000.

The trotting horse "Midnight" has been sold to Eastern parties, for $10,000.

Asiatic cholera is daily sweeping away from 100 to 300 natives of Bangkok, Siam.

Malignant fever has seized upon Elizabeth Cady Stanton. She lives at Tenafly, N. J.

A man claiming to be Leo Hartmann is doing the ambitious Towns along the Missouri river.

Gen. J. E. B Stuart's widow is at the head of the Staunton (Va.) Institute, a successful school.

Some of the Canada papers think that Prince Leopold will succeed Lorne as Governor General.

A landslip at the village of Tatarini, in Moldavia, overwhelmed 65 houses. There were no lives lost.

Midhat Pasha has been taken aboard a Turkish man-of-war and placed in a fortress on the Island of Rhodes.

The charge of embezzlement against Stuart, Secretary of the Brooklyn Board of Education, has been dismissed.

Gen. Weitzel announces that the St Mary's Falls Canal will positively be thrown open to navigation next Thursday.

The Imperial Bank of Germany has raised its rate of discount to 5 per cent. and its rate of interest on advances to 6 per cent.

No less than 75 horses of the West Division railway, of Chicago, are incapacitated for work by sore throat and high fever.

The Canada Pacific promoters have sold to a syndicate of Montreal and New York bankers $10,000,000 of 5 per cent. bonds secured by the land grant.

Nearly everybody on board the Norwegian bark Bellona, now in quarantine at New York, has been sick of yellow fever. Four persons died. The rest have recovered.

Good judges estimate that the deficiency in the cotton crop this year will be 500,000 bales—that is to say, the total product will be 5,800,000 instead of 6,300,000 bales, as in 1880.

Gen. Wickham, of Virginia, is out in a letter supporting the Democratic ticket. He says after the Readjusters are defeated he will do his best to resuscitate the Republican party in that State.

Nine wholesale houses and their contents, valued at $250,000, were swept away by fire at Evansville, Ind. One fireman was killed and another fatally injured by falling walls. The insurance aggregated $125,000.

A young lady who attended a picnic near Canfield, recently, was seriously poisoned by decorating her hat with ferns and poison ivy. A few days after, her face became swollen to such an extent that her eyes were closed, rendering her practically blind.

For the Yorktown Centennial celebration a New Yorker has ordered a vase to cost $1,000, to be presented to the best drilled battalion participating in the affair. The Pennsylvania Railroad have donated $5,000 to provide buildings for the convenience of visitors.

A rich find of silver about 10 miles from Deadwood was followed in 48 hours by the creation of West Virginia City, the election of a Recorder, the settlement of 1,000 persons, and the opening of nine saloons and two faro banks. On the fourth day a daily newspaper appeared.

Dr. Barthelmess of Nuremberg makes the extraordinary announcement that recent analyses have discovered and scientifically determined the presence of coral formations in meteorolites, and evidence, therefore, of animal-vegetable life in other celestial bodies than our earth.

Dr. Pomerine, the surgeon of Gen Garfield's old regiment, the 42d Ohio, charged by Dr. Bliss with having "sneaked" into the President's sick-chamber, and thence peremptorily ordered by Dr. Reyburn, denies the statement in toto. He says he was invited to the President's bedside by Mrs. Garfield.

A special from Johnston, S. C., says a terrible tragedy occurred between J. W. Buzzard and his son and J. W. Timmerman, in which Timmerman was killed and Buzzard and his son seriously wounded. An old feud was the cause of the affair. The weapons used were double-barrelled shotguns.

Terrence Conolly, of Newton, N. J., after abstaining from food for 43 days, has commenced to take nourishment. When he began his abstinence he was unable to leave his bed, but of late has walked across the room and seated himself in a rocking-chair. He ceased to eat because his stomach would not retain food.

A dispatch from Bracketts, Texas, says: "While four horse thieves belonging to an extensive gang which has been operating along the Rio Grande for a long time were being brought to this place yesterday, in charge of officers, they were attacked near the Town of Daleres and all the thieves killed."

Congressman Cox writes of the Norwegians: "We see no beggary, no poorhouses, no jails; we hear of no crimes or violence. No locks are needed upon doors. Drunkenness is rare. They love music and flowers, and are devoted to their faith and their families. They are never idle. Even the girls are knitting, while attending sheep and cows."

The colored Press Association of the United States decided to hold the next conference at Washington in June, 1882. The principal officers elected were F. C. Barrett, Chicago, President; Thomas Fortune, New York City, Vice President; J. A. Scott, Alabama; E. D. Wade, St. Paul, J. D. Bowser, Kansas City, Assistant Vice-Presidents.

At Kansss City, the American Pharmaceutical Association elected for President, P. W. Bedford, New York; First Vice President, Emlin Painter, California; Second Vice President, George Leis, Kansas; Third Vice Prosideat, John F. Judge, Ohio; Permanent Secretary, John M. Maisch, Pennsylvania; Reporter on the Progress of Pharmacy, L. Lewis Diehl, Kentucky.

Mr. Peterson of Peterson's Magazine is said to read every proof of his magazine, in consequence of the horrid experience some years ago of Mr. Godey, who, having inserted what seemed to be an eloquent and innocent conundrum, was horrified, on receiving the answer to it, to find it to be a shockingly vulgar and indecent word.

A party of 225 citizens of Tombstone, Arizona, crossed the Mexican border last Saturday, in pursuit of those who recently killed six Americans, who are said to be a company of Mexican regulars. Near the line at Sonora are 800 or 400 Mexican soldiers and State militia, and a bloody battle is among the possibilities. Gov. Fremont is still somewhere on the Atlantic coast.

Some queer persons are tolerated at the Spiritualist camp meeting at Mount Pleasant, Mass, but Mr. Young was regarded as undesirable, and given three hours to quit the grounds. He opened a tent as a fortune teller and divorce lawyer, his plan being to give wives pretended revelations of their husbands' conduct, and then get a fee for attempting to obtain divorces.

Two belles had a fight on the verands of a White Mountains' hotel. The cause is a secret, but the encounter was public, being in the presence of about 50 guests. The girls scratched faces, pulled hair, and tore clothes in a lively manner for a few seconds, and were not parted before both bore marks which lasted several days. They belong to wealthy and reputable families.

John J. Saxe is better, but not yet able to leave his room.

The "Britannic," which arrived this morning, brought $1,217,000 in gold.

Mr. Samuel J. Tilden is in the White Mountains with Mr. John Bigelow and party.

Col. H. H. Titus, famous in the Kansas "Border War," died at Jacksonville, Fla., last week at the age of 60.

The jury in the Irwin murder trial at Steubenville brought in a verdict of manslaughter, with a recommendation for mercy.

A magistrate at Cornishville, Ky., acquitted a deliberate murderer on the ground that the deed was done to properly avenge a brother's death.

Latest news from Candahar is that Ayoob Khan's force is discontented and rapidly diminishing. He is believed to be contemplating a retreat to Herat.

A grape sugar manufacturing company has been incorporated in New York, with a capital of $1,000,000. The factory will be located at Des Moines, Iowa.

The British herring fleet has been caught in a gale off Peterhead, Scotland. One hundred boats are said to be still at sea and considerable loss of life is feared.

A weather sage in New York who has been keeping a record says that Vennor's prophecies are sheer nonsense. His guesses are right only once in eight times.

The Hon. Martin I. Townsend bought a farm of 1,100 acres in Iowa 20 years ago for $1.50 per acre, and recently disposed of all but a small part of it at $30 an acre.

A feature in the case of Kimri Nixon, who stole $1,000 from an estate of which he was a trustee, at Kokomo, Ind., is the fact that he has long been a Quaker preacher of note.

Mr. Flood, of the Nevada Bonanza, intends to erect in Fifth avenue a larger and more costly residence than that of Mr. Vanderbilt. The outlay will not be less than $3,000,000.

The Jewish population of Vienna is reported to have more than doubled itself, according to the recent census, within the past 10 years. In 1870 it was 30,200. It is now 72,000.

The official language in the Transvaal is to be Dutch, and no other will be allowed in the law courts. This will, of course, place the British residents and natives at a disadvantage.

Gen. Hazen, Chief Signal Officer, says the reason why Capt. Howgate was able to rob the Government so successfully was that Gen Myer never examined the vouchers when he indorsed them.

A clergyman at Acton, Ind., is authority for the charge that Harrison, the boy preacher, would not attend a revival meeting in that town unless he was paid $25 a day and expenses in advance.

Forty compositors in the New York Tribune office quit work Friday night, on account of disagreement with the foreman. The paper was got out by green hands gathered from small offices.

Minister Zamacona tells a reporter that Gen. Grant is so popular in Mexico that the people there would be glad have him reside permanently in their midst. He says also that Grant's railroad scheme is favorably regarded.

Gen. B. D. Fearing is lying at his father's house, in Marietta, dangerously ill. His death is expected at any moment. The cause of his decline in health is a wound received at the battle of Chickamauga, nearly 18 years ago.

The Bishop of Tennessee, preaching at Sesford, Eng., Sunday, referred to the spirit abroad in the world to put down all authority. The dying President was a Christian who before the world dared to take sin by the throat. He was a man who might be killed, but not seduced from the right.

That unswerving Democratic organ, the Arkansas Eagle, flaps its wings and soars aloft, and nominates Samuel J. Tilden for President, and Jeremiah S. Black for Vice President, in 1884. Tilden will then be only 70 years of age and Black only 74. "Young men to the front."

Mr. G. R. Tompkins, of the Signal Station at Block Island, has a horse which eats eggs with avidity. This horse, Ninon, by name, will carry her rider up stairs or down, will swim in a heavy surf, and will jump any wall upon the Island, doing all these things at the word of command, without bridle or halter.

An extensive immigration of Germans is reported to be taking place in Southeastern Missouri. A whole colony from Saxony has just settled in Perry County, where it has purchased a large tract of land. Among the possessions of this colony is a steam mill, brought along to saw wood for building purposes. A second colony is expected soon to follow this one from the fatherland.

The Chicago Times says 8 000 acres of land in the vicinity of Lake Calumet, South Chicago, has been purchased by a single syndicate for $1,200,000. The purchasers are the leading spirits in the New York, Chicago & St. Louis Railway. This tract will be presented as eligible for manufacturers' shops, etc. The purchase has given an impetus to real estate matters, particularly in that section.

Jack Hayes, a butcher by trade and a desperado, went into the saloon of Phillip A. Mueller, near St. Louis, drank two glasses of beer, and walked out without paying. Afterward he returned to the saloon and called for more. Mueller declined, whereupon Hayes drew a revolver, shot Mueller through the head, killing him instantly, then started across the country northward, but was pursued by mounted police and captured.

Susie Hayden, who became unconscious during religious excitement at New Bedford, five months ago, has since remained in a stupor, though she now shows signs of returning intelligence. Prayer circles are held around her bed every day, and it is thought that these are helping her; but a spiritualist medium claims equal credit, her theory being that the girl is in a trance, from which only spiritual influence can awaken her.

A Scandinavian correspondent sends the details of a concert at Bergen, Norway, on the 10th inst., in aid of the Ole Bull memorial fund. The concert hall was packed, and the greatest enthusiasm prevailed. Mrs. Ole Bull and her family were present. Miss Emma Thursby, the star of the festival, had a brilliant success, and was serenaded after the performance. Over $10,000 has been subscribed to the fund.

Two prominent Italian Senators are endeavoring to bring about Senatorial reform in Italy. They protest against members of their body being elected for life by the sovereign. They maintain that they should be elected after the American system, for a certain number of years only, by the representatives of the people. Half of the Spanish Senators are elected in this way, but the remaining half are still elected for life by the King.

A Morrilton, Ark., correspondent says a dastardly murder was committed near the Perry County line last night. It seems two young men named Brennin and Morgan had a difficulty about two years ago, and met for the first time yesterday evening. Brennin extended his hand in a friendly recognition. Morgan in reponse drew a revolver and shot Brennin twice. Brennin, not being armed, turned to run. Morgan followed, overtook his victim and planted a deadly shot in his brain. Morgan fled, with the Sheriff and a posse in hot pursuit.

At Cleveland, yesterday, a 2,000 barrel still, at the Standard Oil Works, exploded with great violence. The oil had been drawn off a few days ago for repairs, which would have begun an hour later, and if the explosion had occurred then, considerable loss of life would have been inevitable. The tank was full of gas from the oil, and in some mysterious way was ignited when nobody was near. Damage to the property, $8,000. The refuse oil burned at the same time, but the firemen by efficient work confined the flames to the original limit.

TEMPEST-TOSSED.

Advance Reports from the Late Destructive Hurricane.

The Ship "Sandusky"—The Crew 78 Hours Without Food or Water.

Other Casualties Feared Along the Florida Coast.

NEW YORK, Aug. 30.—The steamship "Hudson," from New Orleans arrived to day. She reports she had heavy weather off the east coast of Florida, lasting 30 hours. August 28, fell in with the ship "Sandusky," from Pensacola for Liverpool, with lumber dismasted, water logged and stern gone; took off the crew, who had been 78 hours without food or water.

Report of Capt. Louden, of the ship "Sandusky: "Left Pensacola August 12th for Liverpool; all went well until the 24th, when it commenced blowing strong; the 25th continued and increased to a heavy gale when the vessel hove to under the main lower top sail and foretop mast staysail; ship commenced leaking badly; the 26th, the wind increased to a hurricane and the leak gained so fast that the pumps could not keep the vessel free, at 6 P. M. had 10 feet of water in the hold, with both pumps constantly going, but to no purpose; at 8 P. M. a squall of great violence threw the ship on beam ends, when the the masts were cut away; at the same time everything was swept from the deck, including both houses, with all stores and fresh water; all the officers and crew reached the weather mizzen and rigging except two seamen and cook, who were never after seen and must have been swept away when the deck load went over. The ship slowly righted after the loss of her top hamper, but was a complete waterlogged wreck. The crew remained on the mizzen rigging until daybreak, the sea continually sweeping over them and threatening to carry them off every moment. At day break we were enabled to better our position somewhat, but as the ship was constantly breaking up it was a day of terror; about 4 P. M. saw a brig steering nearly for us, but she passed by without noticing us, though her people were plainly visible to us.

The wind was still blowing a heavy gale, and tremendous seas were breaking over the ship. When nearly dark the whole stern frame broke and was swept away with the afterpart of the main deck and the timber commenced coming out from between decks. We were then obliged to abandon our position aft, and after great risk got forward and into the foretop, where the night of the 27th was passed. The next day was fine, but with heavy sea constantly deluging the ship. At 5:30 we saw a vessel, which proved to be the steamship "Hudson," Capt. Freeman, from New Orleans for New York. The crew and officers were taken off, after being 78 hours on the wreck without food or water.

ANOTHER DISASTER.

The steamship "Chalmette" from New Orleans, arrived to day, and reports that she fell in with the schooner "Lucie Wheatley," Capt. Dipple, from Jacksonville for Baltimore, in a sinking condition, and took off the Captain and crew and brought them to this port. They had been four days without food or water.

QUINCY'S DISGRACE,

An Illinois Editor Who Persists in Vilely Assailing the President.

The Editor and Guiteau Burned in Effigy—Great Excitement.

Special Dispatch to the Cincinnati Gazette.

QUINCY, Ill., Aug. 28.—On the 11th inst., the editor of the Daily Herald, in a leading editorial used this language: "We believe Guiteau to be just as honorable as the man he shot, and a mighty sight less dangerous to the country at large."

The Herald editorials have from time to time since that date reiterated and aggravated this statement by such assertions as "When the doctors finish Guiteau's work, as they seem likely to do, there will be no National sorrow."

He also added that he had the support of all reputable Democrats everywhere.

Public indignation against the Herald ran high among reputable Democrats as well as Republicans. A large amount of patronage was withdrawn from the paper and the feeling of anger culminated last night in the hanging and burning of the Herald editor in effigy, together with a companion effigy of Guiteau. In this demonstration both Republicans and Democrats were engaged, but no personal violence of any kind was intended or attempted.

To the Associated Press:

QUINCY, Ill., Aug. 27.—Dr. Marks, the manager of the Opera House, received a dispatch Friday from Springfield from Mr. D. Hess, manager of the Hess Opera House Troupe, to the effect that if H. N. Wheeler, editor of the Herald, was admitted to the Opera House his company could not play. This dispatch was printed in the afternoon Republican paper, and the greatest excitement prevailed, as it was thought Mr. Wheeler would go to the Opera House, and that trouble would ensue.

As was expected, Wheeler went, and trouble was only avoided by Mr. Hess receding from his position. If any demonstration had been made against Wheeler there is no telling what damage would have resulted, as the city is at a fever heat over a series of articles vilely assailing President Garfield which have lately appeared in the Herald.

About 1 o'clock the pounding of drums was heard, and directly after a torch-light procession, composed of 20 or 30 men and boys, headed by a wagon upon which an effigy of Wheeler was hanging and two or three transparencies with mottos, appeared upon the principal streets. After marching around for some time the procession stopped near the Herald office, and lighted their effigy, which it was their intention to burn. Immediately the crowd was charged upon by the Herald employes, and the burning effigy extinguished, and things were hot for a few minutes, and the wonder is some one was not hurt.

Several of the prominent members of Democratic party are circulating a paper calling upon the Democratic Central Committee to take official action regarding the recent utterances of the Daily Herald concerning Pres. Garfield. Public indignation regarding the Herald's course is almost universal, and is shared by the better class of Democrats as well as Republicans. No violence of any kind has been attempted. Members of both parties are withdrawing their support from the paper. The hanging and burning of the Herald editor in effigy was the culmination of public indignation. Democrats as well as Republicans being identified with the affair.

The Cramer Mystery.

NEW HAVEN, Aug. 29.—Blanche Douglass, implicated in the Cramer mystery, was removed this evening from Sheriff Peck's house to the jail. H. C. Allen made a deposition that he saw Jennie Cramer and James Malley leave Radcliff's building about 7.45 Friday evening. At the jail to-day he positively identified James Malley. This testimony, it is claimed, demolishes Malley's alibi.

A Colored Man Assassinated.

VICKSBURG, Aug 30.—Charles Aaron, a colored drayman living near the City Hospital, was called to his door at 11 o'clock last night and shot dead by an unknown party. Vigilant efforts are making to discover the assassin. Aaron was untiring in nursing the sick during the epidemic of 1878.

A HURRICANE

Of Great Violence Sweeps Through North Carolina and Georgia.

Augusta, Ft. Pulaski and Beaufort Under Water.

Great Loss of Life and Immense Damage to Property Reported.

PORT ROYAL, Aug. 29.—The hurricane announced by the Signal Service department passed here Saturday. At Beaufort the damage was considerable. Forty lives were lost, all colored, at Port Royal Ferry.

It seems that on account of the storm the ferryman could not convey passengers across the river. Passengers gathered in the ferry house awaiting an abatement of the storm, when the house was carried away by the high tide. Seven bodies were recovered to day. The number actually drowned is uncertain, but it is rumored to vary from 20 to 40. One washer and one dredge of the Coosaw Mining Company, in the Coosaw river, are sunk. No lives were lost. Considerable damage was done to the wharves and lighters of the company.

No mention of the loss of life at Port Royal ferry is made in the Beaufort letters dated yesterday. The wires are still down.

THE STORM IN GEORGIA.

AUGUSTA, Ga., Aug 29.—A terrific hurricane visited Savannah on Saturday night. The velocity of the wind was about 80 miles an hour. Early in the evening the Signal Service office was unroofed and the instruments destroyed A portion of the roof of the Morning News office was blown off and the building flooded. The City Exchange is badly damaged.

A number of firms on the bay lost heavily by damage to goods. About 50 private dwellings were more or less injured. The sheds on the new wharf of the Baltimore Steamship line were blown entirely down, several flour and rice mills unroofed and the contents flooded.

A large portion of the City was under water for several hours. The Central Railroad wharves were badly damaged, public parks shorn of some of their finest trees and otherwise injured. The destruction of shade trees is very great. The Georgia Infirmary was wrecked and the patients barely escaped, a number being buried by falling brick and plaster. The German brig, "Maria Louis," Capt. Minke, had her stern badly mashed, the rudder, bowsprit and jibboom broken, her sides also injured. The pilot boat "Maid of the Mist" collided with a schooner and sunk. Several other tug boats were injured. The steamer "City of Bridges" had a hole punched in her side. A house swept down the river, and three of the occupants, Mrs. Stokes and her two children were drowned. Mr. Stokes barely escaped, Engineer Richard Fitzgerald, of the "H. B. Plant," was drowned.

The loss of life among the colored people occupying little huts on the rice plantations and along the river is very great. On Tybee Island the house of Henry Solomon was blown down and the ruins caught fire. Three persons perished. The family of David Bowers, colored, comprising seven persons, was all drowned. A colored woman and four children were washed away in their house and drowned. All the people on Shed Island were drowned. Several other persons are known to have perished.

At Ft. Pulaski the officers' quarters were flooded. The telegraph lines to Savaunh are all down.

It is apprehended that, notwithstanding the warning of the approaching storm, some vessels along the coast have suffered, and the news of disasters will be received during the week. The storm has been very severe, and particularly dangerous to vessels from the fact that the wind shifted frequently and blew with equal severity from north, east, northeast, northwest and west.

At Beaufort the water house wharf was washed away, and two sloops washed under the bluffs. The streets were filled with water.

At Port Royal the bridge connecting the wharf with the cotton compress was washed away, and part of the railroad track destroyed. Ten negro hands of the Coosaw Mining Company returning home Saturday night, got in the ferry house at Port Royal ferry. 10 miles from town, for protection. The house was washed away and the men were drowned. Immense loss of life is reported. Several pilot boats and a United States boat is washed ashore.

The steamer "Saragossa," for Baltimore, has returned with her rudder broken.

A $5,000,000 FIRE

In the Union Stock Yards at Chicago.

CHICAGO, Aug. 27.—A great fire broke out about 8 o'clock last evening in the packing establishment of John C Hately, formerly known as Rickens, at the Union Stock Yards, which had not been extinguished at midnight, at which time all the engines in that section of the city were working on it, being greatly impeded in their efforts by the scarcity of water.

12:40 A. M.—The fire is under control at this hour, but Hately's establishment is a complete ruin. It is probable the aggregate loss will be very heavy, though much smaller than placed at by some authorities, namely, $5,000,000.

The insurance on Hately's packing house was $267,500, divided among numerous companies in sums of $2,500 to $5,000. In addition to this the same firm had placed about $500,000 on about 4,000,000 pounds of meats, etc., stored for outside parties, which will be a total loss. Of this amount $100,000 of insurance was on stock belonging to McGeough, of Milwaukee.

The repair shops belonging to the McCormick reaper factory burned at an early hour this morning, involving the loss of its entire contents, including stock and machinery. The main works were not injured. Loss estimated at $50,000.

DESPERATE SUICIDE.

Lying Down on a Cannon Bomb and Exploding It With a Slow Fuse.

ST. LOUIS, Aug. 27.—Lewis Walker, a maker of fireworks, while in liquor and a state of despondency, went from his wretched little home last night to the river bank and killed himself with some kind of explosive used in his business. The explosion was very loud, being heard more than a mile. The body was mangled in a most terrible manner—the arms broken, entrails, liver, heart and other organs torn out and scattered for yards around. He leaves a wife and five children destitute. The manner of Walker's death was quite as novel as it was effective. During the day he made what is known as a cannon bomb of extra strength. This he placed on the ground between two large stones, then laid himself down on them and exploded the bomb with a slow-burning fuse.

Drouth in Pennsylvania.

FITZSBURG, August 30.—The weather for the past week has been intensely hot, the thermometer ranging from 90 to 97. No rain has fallen here for 17 days, and during the entire month the total rainfall has not been an inch. Reports from this and surrounding counties say the drouth is proving disastrous to crops; everything is drying up and unless we have rain very shortly the effect will be too serious to contemplate. The rivers are lower than since the establishment of the signal station here, 10 years ago, the marks showing but three inches in the channel, or 10 inches below low water mark.

About 300 men employed along the docks at Milwaukee have struck for an increase of five cents per hour. Their demand was refused.

The Markets.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS.

Financial.

TOLEDO, OHIO, WEDNESDAY, August 31, 1881.

The money market was easy during the week just closed, the general rate being 4@5 per cent. Prime mercantile paper 5@6 per cent. Government bonds quiet, closed strong. Railroad securities in light request. Stocks were weak most of the time.

To-day's reports up to latest hour by telegraph to the BLADE say money is loaning at 4@5 per cent. Prime mercantile paper at 5@6 per cent. Bar silver, 113½c. Exchange steady; $4.79½ for long and $4.83 for sight. Government Bonds strong and generally ½@¾c higher. State Bonds dull. Railroad Bonds in light request. Stocks—Since 11 o'clock speculation has been slightly irregular on generally slight fluctuations. Houston & Texas rose 1½ @ cent. Coal declined 1½ @ cent. The market at noon was very dull.

Government bonds—U. S., 6's extended, 101½; U. S. 5's extended, 101½; 4½'s coupons, 114; 4's, coupons, 115; Pacific 6s of 95, 130.

STATE STOCKS.

	Mon	Tues	Wed	Thr	Frid	Sat
Old Tennessee's	88¾	69	69	69¼	09½	68½
New Tennessee's	68¾	71¼	69½	68¼	68½	67½
Old Virginia's	37	37	38	37	37	37
Va. con. 85,p'd	15	16¼	16	17	16	15
Missouri 6's	114	113	113	114	111½	113
Louisiana 7¾'s	66½	66¼	66¼	66	65	66¾

GOVERNMENT SECURITIES.

	Mon	Tues	Wed	Thrs	Frid	Sat.
U. S. 6's extend.	101	101¾	101¾	101¼	101¾	101¾
U.S. 5's, extend	101	101¼	101¾	101	101	101
U. S. 4½'s, coup	114	113¾	113¾	113¾	113⅝	113¾
U. S. 4's, coup.	115¾	115¾	115⅞	114⅝	114⅝	114⅝
Sterling, sight	483¾	483¾	483	483¾	483¼	483¼
Sterling, 60 days	479¾	481¾	480¼	480¾	479¾	479¾
Pacific 6's of '95	130	130	130	130	130	130

The following is the bank statement for the week ending Saturday:

Loans, decrease	$ 6172 200
Specie, decrease	4,987,000
Legal tenders, increase	308,100
Deposits, decrease	11,074,300
Circulation, increase	24,900
Reserve, decrease	1,850,325
Surplus reserve, decrease	

The Banks now hold $2,568,625 less than legal requirements.

The United States Treasurer now holds United States bonds to secure bank circulation, $363,698,000. United States bonds deposited during the week, $485,500. United States bonds withdrawn during the week, $107,500. National bank circulation outstanding: Currency notes, $357,882,360; gold notes, $1,087,675. The customs receipts at Washington on Monday amounted to $770,313, and the internal revenue receipts to $617,564. The Treasurer received $211,000 in National bank notes for redemption; the total of such receipts for the week, compared with the same week of 1880, being as follows:

	1880.	1881.
New York	$ 248,000	$ 340,000
Boston	120,000	45,000
Philadelphia	87,000	121,000
Miscellaneous	361,000	478,000
Total	$821,000	$985,000

DRY GOODS.

During the past week there was a marked improvement in the dry goods market, especially in the distribution of staple and seasonable goods. In the Eastern markets the Western and Southern districts of the country are well represented. Reports from various sections of the Union are encouraging and indicate that the Fall trade will be large. There is no disposition shown by agents to sell under current prices for the purpose of increasing sales, and the demand for seasonable fabrics is fully up to anticipations. As a matter of course, competition is great and active, yet it is of such a legitimate, bona fide character, that selling values are being steadily held on a moderate and reasonable plein, with little or no tendency to materially fluctuate either way. With commission houses a moderate new, and in some instances, improving trade, has been current in many lines of goods, such as shawls, cloakings, repellents, flannels, blankets, hosiery, shirts and drawers, skirts, fancy knit goods, dress goods, ginghams, prints, etc. These have also been in liberal movement on back orders. For men's wear woolens, such as fancy cassimeres, suitings, worsteds, etc., the new demand from first hands has generally been quiet, and with few exceptions limited in volume. Although there has been no material advance in cotton, the market is strong and goods sold up closely. The movement in cotton goods is quite large.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

In Boston there was a fair number of duplicate orders received for all kines of desirable goods. In New York, says the Shoe and Leather Reporter, activity is the prominent feature of all branches of the trade. Orders are coming in freely by mail, and such dealers as are in the market are rather free buyers. Reports from all sections are favorable. In Philadelphia trade has improved. A large number of Western and Southwestern merchants were in the market during the week stocking up for the Fall trade. The large influx of dealers was attributable to the low railway rates. Transactions were on a large scale.

WOOL.

The Wool Circular of Gray, Dewey, Gould & Co., Boston, says of the wool market: The transactions of the week, amounting to 2,666,450 lbs of all kinds, shows that there has been some life to the trade, and although prices remain without improvement, a better feeling very generally prevails, and it is believed that manufacturers will not hesitate any longer, but stock up freely at current rates. The prospects of a good demand for some time to come are quite favorable. Goods are selling freely and are largely contracted for ahead, and as prices of wool are now comparatively low, scarcely paying cost, it seems good judgment on the part of manufacturers, now that our stocks are large and desirable selections can be found, to stock up freely. While we do not look for any immediate advance in prices, it is evident that present current rates will be sustained, and that the market will grow in strength as the season advances.

The sales of the week indicate prices as follows: Ohio and Pennsylvania X, XX and XX and above, 33½@43½c; Michigan X, 38@40c; Wisconsin X, 38c; Ohio No. 1, 47c; combing and delaine, 43@48c; Territory, 16@32½c; unwashed and unmerchantable fleeces, 16@31c; California spring, 24@38c; California fall, 14@32½c; super and X pulled, 37½@48c; scoured, 58@ 60c. noils, 27@65½c.

THE APPLE CROP OF CANADA.

Mr. L. Livernois, of Montreal, publishes the following as to the coming apple crop of the Dominion: "The crop is very much short of what it was last year. It will, in my opinion, scarcely touch 40 per cent. of last year's yield. My European advices say that though it was generally believed at first that the yield there was going to be very large, it is now admitted that their crop is also short, and cannot in any way affect the foreign export trade; so the prospects for a brisk and profitable trade between here and Europe for this season are very encouraging. American apples are poor this season; they are snarly and scabby, poorly packed and the barrels are very small. Coupling these facts with the amount of duty charged on fruit coming in here from the United States, you will see that the Canadian grower has every advantage in his favor."

HARDWARE, ETC.

The volume of trade is satisfactory and prices are very firm, with an upward tendency in some lines of goods. The advances recently made in iron and nails is well maintained, with only a moderate supply. This is especially the case with iron, the stock being broken and the mills far behind orders.

MEASURING BUILDING MATERIALS.

The following figures are worth remembering, as they will save a great deal of calculation and give approximately accurate results with a minimum of labor. A cord of stone, three bushels of lime and a cubic yard of sand will lay 100 cubic feet of wall. Five courses of brick will lay one foot in height on a chimney. Nine bricks in a course will make a flue 8 inches wide and 20 inches long, and eight bricks in a course will make a flue 8 inches wide and 16 inches long. Eight bushels of good lime, 15 bushels of sand and one bushel of hair will make enough mortar to plaster 100 square yards. One-fifth more siding and flooring is needed than the number of square feet of surface to be covered, because of the lap in the siding and matching in the floor. One thousand laths will cover 70 yards of surface, and eleven poun